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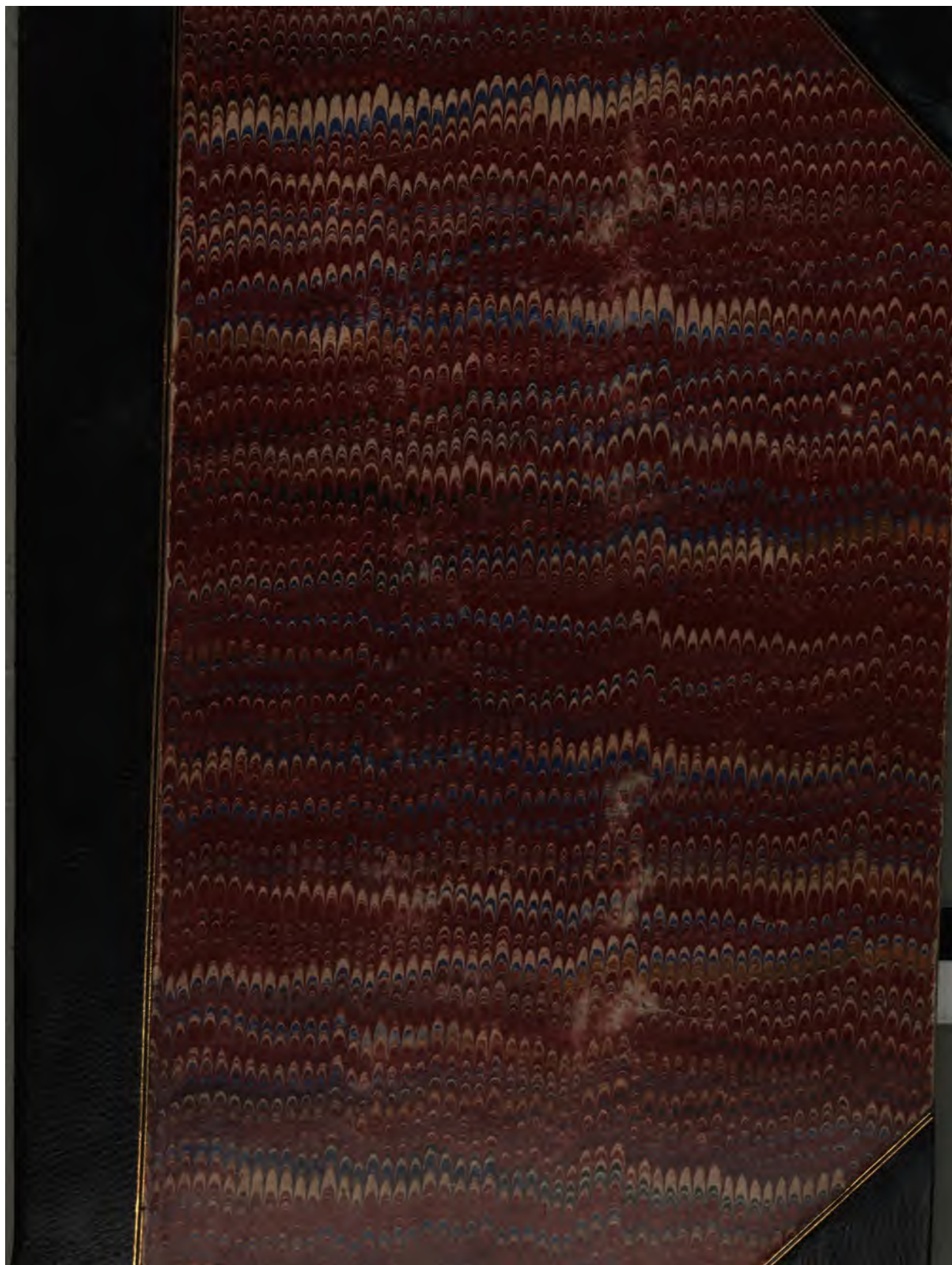
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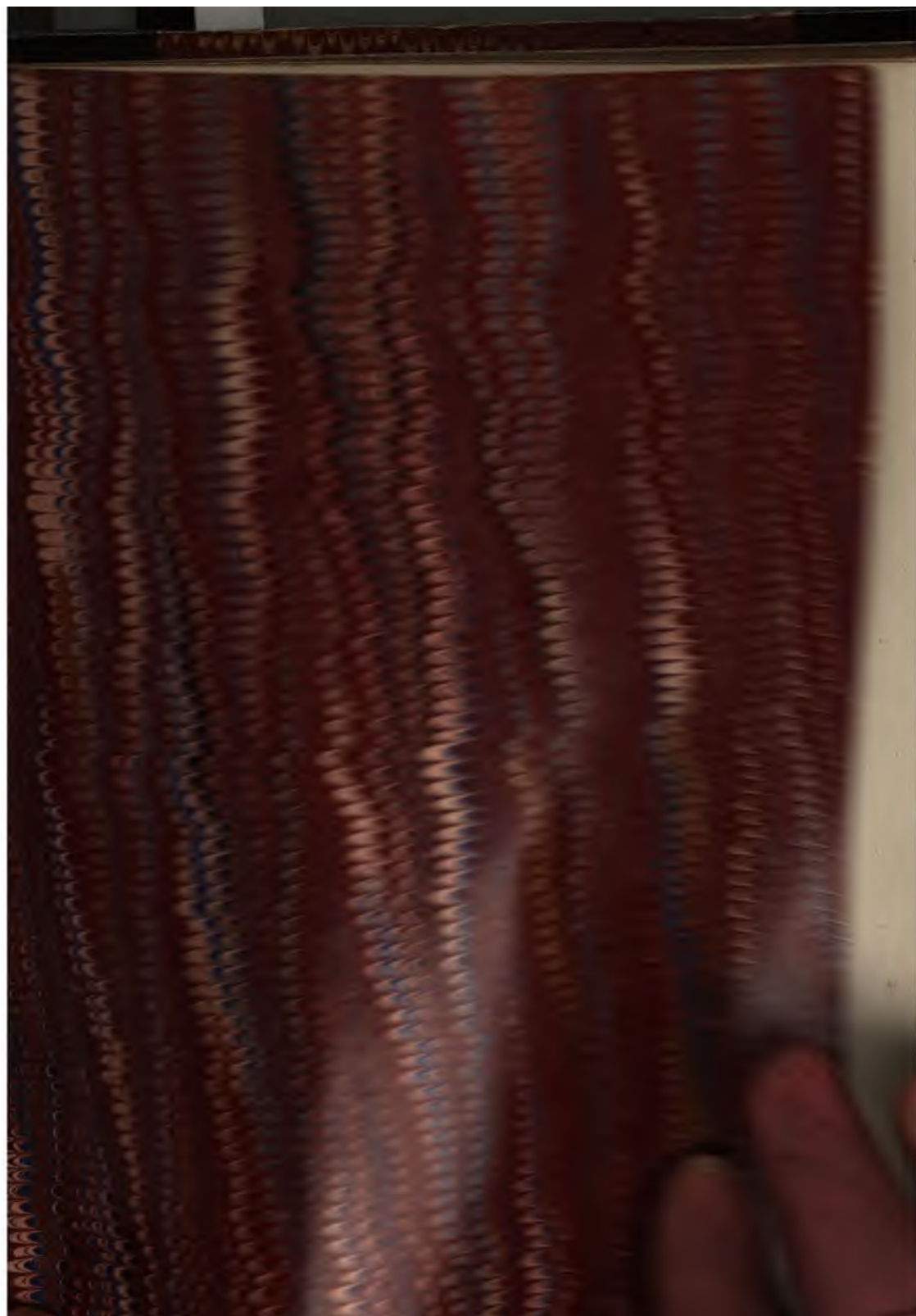
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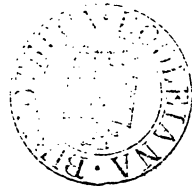
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OCCASIONAL ISSUES
OF
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EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,
BY THE
REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART, LL.D. (EDINB.), F.S.A.
ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.

IN SEVENTEEN VOLUMES.

VOL. III.



- ✓ (a) WILLIAM BARKSTED'S "Mirrha the Mother of Adonis," (1607), and
"Hiren and the Faire Greeke." (1611.)
- ✓ (b) W. PARKES' "Curtaine Drawer of the World." (1612.)
- ✓ (c) HENRY AUSTIN'S "The Scourge of Venus, or The Wanton Lady.
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1876.

Gresham's Picture of Incest. 92

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III

THE
P O E M S
OF
WILLIAM BARKSTED,

ONE OF THE SERVANTS OF HIS MAJESTY'S REVELS:

I. MIRRA THE MOTHER OF ADONIS: OR LUSTES PRODIGES: 1607.

II. HIREN: OR THE FAIRE GREEKE: 1611.

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,

BY THE

REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART,

ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.



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*This is to certify that this impression of Barksted's "Mirrha"
and "Hiren" has been rigidly limited to Fifty Copies, of which this
is No.2..... Proof-sheets and waste pages have been destroyed.*



INTRODUCTION.

IN the title-page of *Mirrha* (1607) its Author is simply named, "William Barksted"—*not* Barkstead as in Lowndes, Hazlitt, &c., &c.;—in that of *Hiren* (1611)—*not* Hire*m* as in Lowndes, Allibone &c.—he additionally describes himself as "one of the servants of his Maiesties Revels." The latter explains his usual designation when incidentally noticed, of "Actor," and enables us to identify him with the "Will. Barksted" who in 1606 performed in Ben Jonson's *Epicene*, and, in 1613, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Coxcomb*. When he performed in *Epicene* he was of the Company "provided and kept" by Kirkham, Hawkins, Kendall and Payne, and in Jonson's famous folio of 1616, he is associated with "Nat. Field, Gil. Carie, Hugh Attawel, Joh. Smith, Will. Pen, Ric. Allin and Joh. Blaney." In the reign of Elizabeth, the Company of Actors was known as "The Children of the Chapel"; in the reign of James I., as "The Children of the Queen's Revels." So alleges Mr. J. Payne Collier, and adds, "Of the latter Barksted was a member, not of the former," correcting herein an oversight of Malone.* But in the title-page of *Hiren* it is "his Maiesties" not "the Queen's" Revels.

In connection with Barksted as an Actor, we are indebted to Mr. Collier's *Memoirs of Edward Alleyn* (Shakespeare Society) for two previously unpublished if not unknown documents, found by him among the MSS. in the University of Durham. As they are nearly all of biographical material on Barksted at present obtained, I very gratefully reproduce both here—as follows :—

The following Bond was entered into between Henslowe and the players of Prince Henry, for the fulfilment of certain

* *Memoirs of Actors in Shakespeare's Plays* p. xxx (Shakespeare Society).

articles which have not survived. The date is ascertained from the Latin form by which it is preceded, to be the 29th of August, 1611 :—

“The condition of this obligation is suche that if the within bound John Townsend, William Barksted, Joseph Taylor, Giles Cary, Robert Hamlytt, Thomas Hunte, Joseph Moore, John Rice, William Carpenter, Thomas Basse, and Alexander Foster, their executors administrators and assignes, and each and every of them, doe for their and every of their partes well and trulie hould, observe, paie, performe, fulfill and keepe all and every the covenantes, grauntes, articles, paymentes and agreeementes which on their and each and every of their partes are or ought to be houlden, observed, perfourmed, paid, fulfilled and kepte, mentioned and contayned in certen Articles indented bearinge the date within written, made betweene the within named Phillipp Henslowe on thone parte, and the parties above-mentioned on tother partes, and that in and by all thinges according to the tenor, effect, purport and true meaning of the same Articles in every respect, that then this present obligation to be void and of none effect, or elles to remayne in full force and vertue.

JOHN TOWNSEND
WILL. BARKSTED
JOSEPH TAYLOR
WILLIAM ECCLESTON
GILLES CARY
THOMAS HUNT
JOHN RICE
ROB. HAMLETT
WILL. CARPENTER
THOMAS BASSE
JOSEPH MOORE
ALEXANDER FOSTER”*

The death of Henslowe re-involved Alleyn in theatrical affairs and led to some painful and expensive disputes. His first act was one of liberality and generosity. The company of the Prince Palatine's players had become indebted to Henslowe to the extent of 400*l.* ; and on the 20th of March 1615-16, about three months after the death of Henslowe, we find Alleyn forgiving them at once 200*l.* of what they owed, and accepting from the company an undertaking to pay the reduced sum by degrees, by allowing him one-fourth of the receipts of the galleries until the debt was liquidated The instrument itself, with all the original

* Collier's *Memoirs of Alleyn*, p. 98.

signatures of the players, is preserved at Dulwich, and Mr. Collier gives it at pp. 127-130. Barksted's name, with the former and others, occurs here also —

Articles of Agreement indented, had, made, concluded and agreed upon the twentieth daye of Marche, Anno Dom 1615, betweene Edward Allen Esqr. and Jacobe Meade of the one partie, and William Rowley, Robt. Pallant, Joseph Taylor, Robt. Hamlett, John Newton, Hugh Attewell, William Barksted, Thomas Hobbs, Antony Smyth, and William Penn, gents, of thother partie, as followeth viz.

“Where the said William Rowley, Robt. Pallant, Joseph Taylor, Robert Hamlett, John Newton, Hugh Attewell, William Barksted, Thomas Hobbs, Antony Smyth and William Penn, together with others, as well for divers sommes of monnye lent them by Phillip Henschlowe Esqr. deceased, as for a stock of apparell used for playinge apparell to the valewe of 400^{li} pounds, heretofore delivered unto them by the said Phillip, are and doe stand joyntlye and severally bound unto the said Phillip and to the said Jacob Meade or one of them, in and by divers and sundry obligations of great sommes of monnye, to the somme of 400^{li} and upwards, as also for performance of certain Articles of Agreement on their the said William Rowley, Robert Pallant, Joseph Taylor, Robert Hamlett, John Newton, Hugh Attewell, William Barksted, Thomas Hobbs, Antony Smyth and William Penn and others their parts and behalfe to be observed, performed and kept, as in and by the same obligations and Articles of Agreement more at large it doth and may appeare: Item where there is at the speciall intreaty of them the said William Rowley, Robt. Pallant, Joseph Taylor, Robert Hamlett, John Newton, Hugh Attewell, William Barksted, Thomas Hobbs, Antony Smyth and William Penn, the daie of the date hereof, a quiet and peaceable agreement had and made by and betweene all the said parties to these presents, and that he the said Edward Allen is contented and pleased to take of them the said William Rowley, Robert Pallant, Joseph Taylor, Robert Hamlett, John Newton and other the parties to these presents the somme of twoe hundred pound only, to be paid in manner and forme herein after mentioned. First the said William Rowley, Robert Pallant, Joseph Taylor, Robt. Hamlett, John Newton, Hugh Attewell, William Barksted, Thomas Hobbs, Antony Smyth, and William Penn for themselves joyntlye, and everye of them severallye, their severall executors and administrators, doe covenant promis and agree to and with the said Edward Allen and Jacob Meade, their executors and administrators, by these presentes that they the said William Rowley, Robert Pallant, Joseph Taylor, Robert Hamlett, John Newton, Hugh Attewell, William Barksted, Thomas Hobbs, Antony Smyth, and William Penn, their executors and administrators, shall and will dayly and everye daye well and truly satisfye content and paye unto the said Edward Allen his executors, administrators and assignes, the fowerth parte of all suche somme and sommes of monnye, profit and gayne shalbe gathered or taken, by playinge or otherwise act[ing] and for the whole galleryes of the Playe House commonly called the Hope,

situate in the parishe of St. Savior in the county of Surrey, or in anye other house, private or publike, wherein they shall playe, as the same shalbe dayly gathered or taken, accordinge to the full rate and proportion of the gayne and proffit of the fowerth parte of the said galleryes, untill the said somme of 200^{li} shalbe there with fully satisfied and paid. And that they shall and will at all tymes from and after the sealinge here of, well and truly observe, performe, fullfill and kepe all and every the said Articles of Agreement heretofore made with the said Phillipp and Jacobe or eyther of them, on their or any of their partes hereafter to be observed, performed or kept. And that they the said William Rowley, Robert Pallant, Joseph Taylor, Robt. Hamlett, John Newton, Hugh Attewell, William Barksted, Thomas Hobbs, Antony Smyth and William Penn shall and will playe at the said House called the Hope, or elsewhere with the likinge of the said Edward and Jacob, accordinge to the former Articles of Agreement had and made with the said Phillipp and Jacob or eyther of them, and their late promis synce in that behalfe made with the said Edward and Jacob. Item the said Edward and Jacob, for them their executors and administrators, doe promis and agree to and with them the said William Rowley, Robt. Pallant, Joseph Taylor, Robt. Hamlett, John Newton, Hugh Attewell, William Barksted, Thomas Hobbs, Antony Smyth and William Penn, their executors and administrators, by these presents that all and everye the bonds writings obligations and articles of agreement wherein and whereby they or anye of them stand bound, or by which they doe owe to them, the said Phillipp and Jacob or eyther of them, anye somme of monney (except suche bonds bills and writings by which they or anye of them stand bound to the said Phillipp and Jacob or eyther of them for anye private dett borrowed of the said Phillipp, to or for his or their owne particular use) shall from and after the full payment of the said somme of 200^{li} in forme aforesaid, and performance of the said articles of agreement, as well heretofore made as herein and hereby promised to be kept hereafter on their parts to be observed, performed and kept, be utterly voide, frustrate and of none effect, only against them the said William Rowley, Robt. Pallant, Joseph Taylor, Robert Hamlett, John Newton, Hugh Attewell, William Barksted, Tho^s Hobbs, Antony Smyth, and William Penn, their executors and administrators. And that then they shall or may have to their own use all such stock of apparell as they or anye of them had or receaved of or from the said Phillip, Edward and Jacob or anye of them. Provided that yf the said William Rowley, Robt. Pallant, Joseph Taylor, Robert Hamlett, John Newton, Hugh Attewell, William Barksted, Thomas Hobbs, Antony Smyth and William Penn, their executors and administrators and every of them, shall not well and trulye paie the said somme of 200^{li}, as before the same is herein lymitted to be paid, and performe the said articles of agreement, as well heretofore as by these presents promised to be performed as aforesaid, that then the said Edward and Jacob their executors and administrators shalbe at free libertye to have and take all advantage in lawe against them the said William Rowley, Robt. Pallant, Joseph Taylor, Robt. Hamlett, John Newton and all other the said parties, their executors and administrators, and everye or anye of them, uppon all

and every such bonds writings obligations and articles of agreement, and everye and anye of them, by which they or anye of them, by themselves or with others, are and doe stand bound or due owe unto the said Philip and Jacob, or either of them, anye somme of monnye. And also have full power and lawfull authoritye to take and seize into their, or some or one of their hands and possession all such stocke of playinge apparrell as they or anye of them now have or shall have, and the same detayne and keepe for and towards the payment of the sommes of monnye in the said bonds and obligations and every or anye of them mentioned, untill they shalbe thereof fully satisfied and paid, as if this present agreement had never byn had nor made.

"Lastlye, it is agreed betweene all the said parties to these presents that they the said Edward and Jacob, their executors and administrators, shall and maye at all tymes hereafter have and take to their owne use and advantage and benefitt uppon the said bonds, obligations and articles of agreement, and everye or anye of them, against anye person or persons, their executors and administrators, named in the said bonds obligations and writings of agreement or anye of them, not beinge parties to these presents. In witnes whereof the said parties aforesaid to these presents entexchangeablye have sett their hands and seales, the daye and yeare first above written

WILLIAM ROWLEY

ROBT PALLANT

JOSEPH TAYLOR

ROBT HAMLETT

JOHN NEWTON

WILL. BARKSTED

ANTHONY

T. HOBBS

SMITH

WILLIAM PENN

HUGH ATWELL

Sealed and delivered in the

presence of

ROBERT DABORNE

THO. FOSTER EDW. KNIGHT" *

These documents inform us that Barksted was of the most renowned Company of "Actors" in England in 1615-6. Nothing later concerning him has been discovered except an unsavoury and to-day unquotable anecdote worked into the *Wit and Mirth* of John Taylor the Water Poet, in 1629. In certain copies also of *The Insatiate Countess* dated 1631 the name of John Marston is displaced by that of William Barksted. But neither the wording of the one nor the fact of the other positively tells us that he was still living in 1629 or 1631. When and where he died and when and where he was born, equally remain unknown. One of the contributors

* Collier's *Memoirs of Edward Alleyn*, pp. 127, 130.

of the laudatory Verses prefixed to *Myrrha*—Robert Glouer—addresses him as “his Louing friend and Kinsman,” but Glouer is also unknown, so that their ‘Kinsmanship’ cannot be ascertained. Similarly unknown are I. W. and William Bagnall who contribute Verses along with Glouer. It was probably as “Actor” he came to know Henry Earl of Oxford, and Elizabeth Countess of Derby. The ‘Earl’ he calls in the verse-dedication of *Hiren*—“the Heroicke Heros”; and his gallant death at the siege of Breda in 1625, perhaps imparts reality to the epithet and related praise of this scion of the house of Vere. The ‘Countess’—Spenser and Milton’s friend, earlier and later—who is oddly introduced after “the first tome” of *Hiren*, is addressed with a touch of affectionateness as “Your honor’s from youth oblig’d.” This suggests many Pleasures of Imagination; but alas! nothing to confirm or illustrate has been transmitted. There is a poor “Prologue to a playe to the cuntry people” in Ashmole *MS.* 38 (art. 198) which Mr. W. C. Hazlitt has given to Barksted, albeit subscribed “William Buckstead, Comedian.” I had it copied, but one is thankful to relieve Barksted of its authorship, on the possibility that “Buckstead” was not intended for “Barksted.”

Such unhappily is all of personal Fact that utterly disproportionate research has yielded. So far as the Man goes his is “the shadow of a name”; or, as Keats puts it, his name “writ in water” has passed away as passes the flowing stream.

Turning to the Poems now after so long a time reprinted, the first thing to be stated is—That in all my experience of our elder literature I have not met with more carelessly printed books. Typographical and punctuation errors not only obscure the meaning but again and again make places absolutely unintelligible. Even after my protracted working on them I fear that I have not altogether succeeded in either lifting the shadow of obscurity or in revealing the intended sense. To the *Notes and Illustrations* at the close

the Reader is referred for notices of a few complicated constructions, &c., and I would here record certain other attempts at correction and elucidation.

In *Mirrha*, p. 3, l. 6, a comma [,] is misplaced after "wide" instead of after "amisse" (if at all); and l. 8, after "hewe" there is no punctuation. These are frequently occurring mistakes. Again — In *Hiren*, st. 25, l. 3, there is a colon [:]; so too in *Mirrha*, p. 39, l. 5, after "such." It will be seen that in both the sense and sentence are spoiled thereby. The misuse of the colon is also frequent. Once more — In *Hiren*, p. 3, l. 12, a comma [,] is inserted after "to"! The old Printer seems to have regarded the comma as sufficient punctuation anywhere, e.g. in *Mirrha*, p. 9, a comma instead of period [.] ends ll. 2^d and 4th; and so elsewhere.

I regret now that in my anxiety to be true to the original I have left too many of these un-corrected — correcting only indeed in such instances as utterly marred meaning and grammar.

The grosser blunders I have felt constrained to rectify; and that the Student may judge for himself and accept or reject, they follow:—

I. MIRRHA.

1. Page 11, ll. 3-7. In the original, line 3, "Tone" is punctuated with a period [.] , so cutting it off from line 8. I have substituted a comma [,] and put ll. 4-7 within parenthesis. As shewn by "placed" (l. 8) the construction is "till his alluring Tone—with his concordant tunes, placed them in rest"; and so ll. 4-7 are parenthetical. These lines are still obscure: l. 7, "Faire" seems=Farre, *i.e.*, far.
2. Page 13, l. 6, in the original runs:—"though the rest (beautious all) vnwounded made loue, loue." I have removed "though" to before "beautious" and given a capital to the first "Loue."
3. Page 13, l. 11, "gold-tipt" required the hyphen that I have supplied, and in l. 16, the lack of a comma [.]

- after "magicke" hid the meaning, viz., such magicke doth beauty carry in her eyes.
4. Page 19, l. 13, "o're" in the original is misprinted "oure": l. 14 required the filled-in "much"—and so elsewhere deficient words are supplied within brackets.
 5. Page 22, l. 9, "loues" is an evident error for "loue," and so is put right.
 6. Page 24, l. 12, "the first" is in the original "she first," the "she" being caught from the previous line: l. 15, "an if" misprinted "and if."
 7. Page 35, l. 7, "brest": I ought to have put the original's favourite colon [:] here for the non-punctuation, seeing that "brest" ends what the Nurse says and the following "she" is *Mirrha*.
 8. Page 57, ll. 15-16. In the original this runs:—

" Then blast me Thunderer in righteous ire
 and I like Semele will melt thy fire."

As this is nonsense and untrue, I have, by the slight correction of the misplaced words "in" and "thy," made the lines intelligible.
 9. Page 58, l. 6, in the original the comma [,] is perversely put after boughes": and so in l. 15 after "Autumne."
 10. Page 59, l. 8, "relent" is here used much as Davies of Hereford in his *Witte's Pilgrimage*; but query—repent?
 11. Page 60, l. 12. The next line begins with a monosyllabic foot, and it would seem on reading it that the wanting syllable is as it were supplied by the extra syllable—"tures" of features. Occasional examples of the same are found in Shakespeare and others. The extra syllable line, that is, and the shortened syllable line, form as it were two complete and regular lines. This remark is made here lest the text should be deemed erroneous.

12. Page 61, l. 15, "sixt" in the original is misprinted "fist."

II. HIREN.

13. Stanza 10, l. 5. "But teares too late, must be too soon displeas'd." It is not clear whether we should take this as a very licentious use of past for present participle and understand the line as meaning "but teares that are too late are too soon displeasing to the Deity": or whether it means that tears wept too late are too soon by the Deity made to lose the pleasure or good favour they sought.
14. Stanza 13, ll. 6-8. An acute friend writes here, "perfectly unintelligible to me." But if "admire" be=admiration—the stress of the rhyme demanding "ire"—there is a meaning.
15. Stanza 17, l. 4, in original "Say thou art": corrected to "Say art thou"
16. Stanza 18, l. 4, "misrayes." The word seems unknown. One sense of "ray" itself is defilement. It can hardly be ray=array or arrangement, order; but as "ray" originally meant—ray, a line or stroke, he may here use "misray" as=crookedness, or that which is out of line and therefore wrong.
17. Stanza 20, l. 5, misprinted "Mecha's": l. 7, "adorations."
18. Stanza 23, l. 8, misprinted :—
 "Conduct vnto our Tent, now warre he will."
 —the correction of "who" obvious, and [:] ought to have been put after Tent.
19. Stanza 41, l. 6, "on." I have changed "in" to "on," and "graces" for "grace," and punctuated on, way, &c.
20. Stanza 52, l. 5, in original is
 "But by thy middle, Cupids coniuring wand,"
 I have corrected by "meddling," and by "my" for "thy."

21. Stanza 60, l. 5, in original has erroneously "do" before "swallow."
22. Stanza 66, l. 1, in original "Maide," while "Maides" is required.
23. Stanza 67, l. 8, in original "cunning," caught from line above : corrected by "coming," albeit not very clear=she still fears his coming?
24. Stanza 93, l. 2, in original reads :—
 " Not really effecting what you are."
 I correct into :—
 " Not really [one], affecting what you are."
25. Stanza 97, l. 7, in original is :—
 " A sight too sad, all heauen strike men with terror."
 I have ventured to read "too sad for heauen"=a sight too sad for heaven, [a sight to] strike men, &c.
26. Stanza 101, l. 8, in original has the astounding misprint of "putrifying" for "purifying."
27. Stanza 108, l. 7. But that Barksted employs "that" oddly in other places, I should be certain of a corruption here ; as it is I can only suspect one. Lines 6-8 are very obscure and loosely worded.
28. Stanza 111, l. 7, in the original reads :—
 " And let your valour with the sunne being set."
 I remove "with" and separate "—the sunne being set—"

Certain of the errors in *Mirrha* and in *Hiren* would seem to show that Barksted was ill-educated and unpractised in composition. They make it clear (*meo judicio*) that he was not the W. B. of a verse-translation of a Satire of Juvenal, which has been ascribed to him hap-hazardly.

When you get over the somewhat annoying misprints and blunders and punctuation and non-punctuation of the old Printer, and master the Poet's odd grammatical constructions, you find that it is a genuine Singer whose poems you are reading. Neither the classical story of Myrrha "the mother of Adonis," nor that from an Eastern source of

Hiren, is an agreeable one ; but in each there is considerable skill and delicacy in telling it. So that if either was to be told you have it told with the modesty of a "maiden muse," as he claims. In *Mirrha* Barksted accepts the legend as given by Apollodorus (iii. 14. § 3) making Adonis the son of Cinyras and Medarme, though he blends this with the account of the cyclic poet Panyasis (ap. Apollod. l. c.) who makes Adonis a son of Theias, king of Assyria, who begot him by his own daughter Smyrna, *i.e.*, Myrrha. The ancient story ran thus: Smyrna had neglected the worship of Aphrodite, and was punished by the goddess with an unnatural love for her father. With the assistance of her nurse she contrived to share her father's bed without being known to him. When he discovered the crime he wished to kill her ; but she fled, and on being nearly overtaken, prayed to the gods to make her invisible. They were moved to pity and changed her into a tree called *σμύrna*. After the lapse of nine months the tree burst, and Adonis was born. Aphrodite was so much charmed with the beauty of the infant, that she concealed it in a chest which she entrusted to Persephone ; but when the latter discovered the treasure she had in her keeping, she refused to give it up. The sequel is variously rendered.* Whence *Hiren* was fetched does not appear. It is one of many similar incidents, and, like *Mirrha*, is well managed on the whole. The conqueror's passion for the "faire Greeke" is daintily worked out, and there is an element of the tragic in his final act over against his preceding voluptuous abandonment of love (if love it may be called).

The hastiest reader will come on noticeable *bits*, *e.g.*, *Mirrha*:

FEMALE BEAUTY.

" With this, she turnd her blushing head aside,
& vail'd her face with lawne, *not halfe so white*

* See Smith's *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology* under Adonis.

Introduction.

That euen the blending roses were espyed
 despight the cloudes, *that hid them in despight.*"
Mirrha, p. 15, ll. 1-4.

POWER OF THE FAIR.

"at thy word, darknes would or'e-cloude the ayre
 and *the fayrest day giue place to thee more faire.*"
Ibid, p. 16, ll. 7-8.

CUPID INFUSING LOVE INTO MIRRHA.

"Now Cupid of her his last leaue doth take,
 so haue I seene a soule and body part :
 He begs a chaste kisse for her mothers sake,
 and vowes she shall be foueraigne of his heart :
 But whether he difembling did it, or twa's fate,
 (As extream't loue turnes to the direst hate)
 Being repulst, but this kisse did inspire,
 her breft with an infernall and vnnam'd desire."
Ibid, p. 21, ll. 1-8.

THE NIGHT.

"Night like a masque was entred heauens greate hall
 with thousand torches vshering the way :"
Ibid, p. 21, ll. 9-10.

THE STARS.

". loe, the stars, in trouaile in the skie,
 brought forth their brightnes to each waking eye."
Ibid, p. 24, ll. 7-8.

WEeping.

". as the blomes in May the dewe drops beares,
 so *Mirrha's* cheekes look'd sprinkl'd with her tears.
Ibid, p. 29, ll. 15-16.

BEAUTY IN DISTRESS.

"Her haire, that with such diligence was vsde
 To be kemb'd vp & did like clowdes appeare :
 Where many spangles, star-like were infus'd,
 To attend the lustre of so bright a haire,
 Whose beames like bright *Arachnes* web cōposed
 Taught *Pallas* a new enuie, now vnlofed,
 hiding her face, yet making it seeme rarer,
 as blazing Comets traine makes the star fairer."
Ibid, p. 30, ll. 1-8

LUST.

" that vntam'd desire
 Possesseth me, and all my bodies merriit,
 Shewes like a faire house, haunted with a spirit."
Ibid, p. 32, ll. 6-8.

TEAR-FILLED EYE.

“ Now had she time to waile, and well she might,
 Guiltie of forrow, there might you have seene :
 As glow wormes add a tincture to the night,
 Glimmering in pallid fire, vpon some greene,
 mixt with the dew, so did her eyes appeare,
 Each goulden glance ioyn'd with a dewy teare,
 oft shut her eyes, like starres that portend ill,
 with bloody deluge, they their orbes did fill.

Ibid, p. 36, ll. 1-8.

LOVELINESS.

“ Thus he begins, fairer then Venus farre,
 If Venus be, or if she be tis thee :
 Louelie as Lillies, brighter then the starre,
 that is to earth the mornings Mercurie :
 Softer then Rofes, sweeter breath'd then they,
 blusht boue Aurora, better cloath'd then May,
 lipt like a cherrie, but of rarer taste,
 Deuine as Dian, and as fully chafte.

Ibid, p. 47, ll. 1-8.

GUILT AND WOE.

“ The pale fac'd Mirrha sat like guiltie spright,
 fore the infernall iudge, yet did not see
 Diana great, for dull are mortalls sight,
 (and all inuifible is chaftitie)
 But heard a voice as she was vanishing.
 faying defild maide, dooft wonder at this thing ?
 O Mirrha, ere my crefcents beautie change,
 Thou shalt be turn'd into a shape as strange.

Ibid, p. 52, ll. 1-8.

ADONIS.

“ Oft doe two Rofes grow out from one stem,
 and one of them is full blowne fore the other,
 So fares it now with thee my virgins iem,
 whome nature would call sonne but shame faies brother
 Shall I not blush when thou art ripe, to gather
 The circumstances of who was thy Father,
 yes sure I shall, yet shame forgets all shame,
 Ile charge thy father of a heauenly name.

Ibid, p. 55, ll. 9-16.

FOREBODINGS.

“ Cōclude my fate quicke you eternall counfell
 or else I feare the nere-returnèd dead
 Clad in the fearefull shapes of night and hell,
 will rife before the generall day be fpred ;

and hurrie me in flesh to Acheron,
 To taste hels torture both in foule and bone :
 Then blast me thund'rer in [thy] righteous ire,
 and I like *Semele* wil melte [in] fire"

p. 57, ll. 9-16.

THE INFANT.

" Eyes like two stars falne from their proper sphears
 as if they scorn'd the beaten paths of heauen :
 Or enuying of the beautie of the beares,
 showne firmer heere, and brighter then the seauē.
 Such was he as was Cupid wont to be,
 In pictures lim'd, and that they may agree,
 furnifh the babe with winges and quiuer light
 or from loues God, take wings and quiuer quite"

p. 62, ll. 9-16.

Hiren has equal felicities, but it is more difficult to detach them from the context. Take these :—

HIREN MEETING THE CONQUEROR.

" And as a Diamond in the dark-dead night,
 Cannot but point at beames on euery side,
 Or as the shine of Cassiopæa bright
 Which make the zodiacke, where it doth abide,
 Farre more then other planets to be ey'd :
 So did faire *Hirens* eyes encounter his,
 And so her beames did terror-strike his fight,
 As at the first it made e'm vale amiffe."

Stanza 12.

HIREN'S ENTRANCE.

" And lo indeed, the purple hangings drawne,
 In came faire *Hiren* in her night attire,
 In a filke mantle, and a smocke of lawne,
 Her haire at length, (the beams of sweet desire)
 Her breasts all naked, ô inchanting fire !
 And siluer buskins on her feete she wore,
 Though all the floore with Carpet-worke was strawne
 Yet were such feet too good to tread that floore."

Stanza 33.

PASSION.

" Why dost thou weepe ? tis I should drown mine eles
 And burst my heart with langour, and dispaire,
 I whom thy vnrelenting thoughts despise,
 I who can woo thee by no sute, nor prayer,
 Yet doating mad for thee, ô cruell faire,
 I sweare by this diuine white daizy-hand,
 The loue I beare thee in my heart it lies,
 Whose searching fire, no reason can withstand."

Stanza 38.

WAKING DREAM OF BEAUTY.

" He heard nor this, nor ought of what she said,
For all his senses now were turn'd to eyes,
And with such fixed gaze he view'd this maid,
That sure I think not *Hermes* mysteries,
Nor all his *Caducean* nouelties,
That flow from him like a slye winding streame,
(To which the Gods gladly their eares haue laid)
Could once haue mou'd him from this waking dreame."

Stanza 50.

WOOING.

" Nature deuif'd her owne despaire in thee,
Thine eye not to be match'd, but by the other,
Doth beare the influence of my destiny.
And where they stray, my soule must wander thither
Beauty of beauty, mother of Loues mother.
All parts he praifes, coming to her lip,
Currall beneath the waues, vermilion dye,
And being so neere, he wold not ouerslip."

Stanza 54.

MAHOMET.

" A face Nature intended for a maister peece,
And louely as the maide (though a blacke pearle)
Painters and women say, an *Eben* fleece,
Doth well befeeme the shoulders of an Earle:
Blacke snares they were, that did intrap this girle
Each haire like to a subtill serpent taught her,
Of the forbidden fruit to taste a peece,
Whil't *Eue* is stain'd againe here in her daughter.

His eyes were stuck like Comets in his head,
As if they came to treat of nouelties,
And bring the world & beauty into dread:
That he must conquer chafteft chastities.
O who such tempting graces could despise,
All voluntarie finnes soules may refraine,
But Natures selfe that of the flesh is bred,
Such power she hath, that vice she will retaine."

Stanzas 63, 64.

LOVE — DELIRIUM.

" When newes is brought him that his foes are come,
He catches straite this maiden in his armes,
Calling for musicke that is now his drumme:
He keepe thee safe (quoth he) for other harmes,
Tho spoke in thunder they to me are dumbe.
To counsell now they call him with low duty,

But her Idea fo his fences charmes,
 He drownes all speech in praifing of her beauty.
 One tels him that the Christians are in field.
 You do not marke her beauty, he replies.
 Two mightie Cities to their power doth yeeld:
 Note but the luftre sparkling from her eyes.
 Your fubjects hearts, againft your life are steeld:
 Her tongue is mufick, that strikes wonder dumbe.
 Your people struck with warre by millions dyes:
 If ſhe but frowne then I ſhall ouercome.
 Shall I feare this worlds loffe enioying heauen,
 Or thinke of danger when an Angel guards me?
 Can greater glory to my life be giuen,
 Then her maiefticke beauty that rewards me?
 Nay is not he of happineſſe bereauen,
 That neuer ſaw her face nor heard her voyce,
 And thoſe that win our loue, or moſt regards me,
 Confeſſe that we are godlike in our choice."

Stanzas 70-72.

HIREN IN THE MORNING.

"The red-cheek't morning opens now her gate,
 The buſie day breathes life into the world,
 The heauens great coachman mounted is in ſtate,
 And darkneſſe from the aire to hell is hurld.
 Now pleaſures king by daylight fees his mate,
 Whil't ſhe lay bluſhing like the damafke roſe,
 His ietty haire ſhe with her fingers curld,
 He hug'd her faſt, leaſt he his ioyes ſhould loſe"

Stanza 82.

It were easy to multiply "beauties"; but these ought to send every reader to the complete Poems to search and find for himself.

Our Notes and Illustrations record several interesting words. One particular phrase is an excellent example of a sense in which "thought" was used then, viz., of anxious and troubling thought, and as used in our English Bible, "take no thought for your life." (*St. Matt. vi. 25.*) It occurs in *Hiren*, st. 40, l. 8:—

"He ne're took thought, but now he sighs and burns."

Besides the fact that *Mirrha* and *Hiren* belong to the same class with Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*—being of the

many sprung from it—the tribute to Shakespcare at the close of *Mirrha* is of exceeding interest, as thus:—

“ But stay my Mufe in thine owne confines keepe,
 & wage not warre with fo deere lou'd a neighbor
 But hauing fung thy day fong, reft and fleepe
 preferue thy fmall fame & his greater fauor :
 His Song was worthie merrit (*Shakſpeare* hee)
 fung the faire bloffome, thou the withered tree
Laurell is due to him, his art and wit
 hath purchaft it, *Cypres* thy brow will fit.”

However regarded, the reproduction of *Mirrha* and *Hiren* must prove a welcome addition to our elect literature.

One other point remains to be noticed, viz : the authorship of *The Insatiate Countess*. The external evidence is that the original and early editions 1613 and 1616 bear Marston's name ; and it is also found in that of 1631. On the other hand the name of Barksted is found only on one or two copies of the 1631 edition. The Duke of Devonshire's exemplar having Barksted's name has gone astray : so that I am unable to give an account of it. But it is evident that either it is an error and corrected ; or, that Barksted may have had some copies struck off to gratify himself and friends, on the ground that he had had something to do with the Play. That “something” most probably was very slight. In weighing the evidence for Marston, it must also be remembered that unless in this, Barksted is not known to have had a hand in any other Play ; and further, that as Marston was far distant from London in 1633, it is probable he was so similarly in 1631.

It may stumble at first sight that *The Insatiate Countess* was not included in Sheares' collective edition. The venture was a Publisher's one—not an Author's. Secondly, if on this plea we are to exclude *The Insatiate Countess*, so must we the *Malcontent*, which is undoubtedly Marston's. Moreover, whether Sheares' edition were a Publisher's or an Author's venture, there was one common reason for not including the *Malcontent* and *Insatiate Countess*, and a suf-

ficient one, viz., want of power. The *Malcontent* apparently was in the hands of another bookseller, and certainly the *Insatiate Countess* was as late as 1631. Sheares, therefore, could not print either.

As to internal evidence, while *Mirrha* and *Hiren* make the authorship of the *Insatiate Countess* not improbable or impossible, one has only to study Marston's other plays to discern his hand in it. I do not refer to his *Satires* and *Antony and Mellida*, but to his later works. Coincident with his reconciliation with Ben Jonson, after the Poetaster storm in 1601, his style became much more assimilated to that of ordinary mortals, and the date of the Play, 1603-4, coincides very well with the transition style shown in it. Another element tells strongly for Marston, viz., various of his Plays show remembrances and imitations of Shakespeare. Now the *Insatiate Countess* has more than most, and in especial to *Hamlet*, whose date in its full run was also 1603-4.

The external evidence is therefore far more in favour of Marston than Barksted; and the internal is equally so.

I have to offer my cordial thanks to my always-ready friend Dr. BRINSLEY NICHOLSON for most helpful assistance in reading both *Mirrha* and *Hiren*; to the Rev. H. O. COXE, M.A., of the Bodleian, and the Rev. W. E. BUCKLEY, M.A., Middleton Cheney, Banbury, I am indebted for collation of the originals with proof-sheets. My one fear is that I have not sufficiently corrected the punctuation especially, where required. As for the other corrections pointed out in this Introduction it would have been a caricature of fidelity to have left these corruptions. In these "Occasional Issues" I do not intend fac-similes, but edited texts; albeit my rules are a *minimum* of correction and a record of each in Notes or elsewhere.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

POSTSCRIPT.

Since my little Introduction was written, happening to consult Peele's Works for another object, I chanced in his (pseudo) *Merrie Conceited Iests* on an extraordinary "flyting" (as the Scottish satirists called their mutually recriminatory verse-attacks) of one whom I take to have been our William Barksted. Seeing that his Poem is entitled *Hiren the faire Greeke*, and that her conqueror and its hero is the "Turkish Mahamet," I feel persuaded that "play" is a slip for "poem." Consequently—as no other poem on *Hiren* is known, and no "play"—it would seem that Barksted was the "gentleman" tricked by "George." Mr. Dyce, indeed, says "A play called *The Turkish Mahomet and Hiren the Fair Greeke* was written by Peele" (I. xxxv.) but his authority is only the *Merrie Conceited Iests*. As there is no trace of any such "play," surely I am correct in thinking that it was not George himself, but the "gentleman"—that is Barksted—who is spoken of as having "writ Finis to the famous play of *The Turkish Mahamet and Hyren the fair Greeke*?" Mr. Dyce adds, "Henslowe seems to allude to it [the "Play"] in the following entry of his Register :

℥ s. d.
15 of August 1594 at Mahomett [8] iiii v. o."

and Pistol's exclamation "Have we not *Hiren* here," is supposed to be a quotation from it—see the notes of the commentators on the second part of *Henry IV.*, act ii. scene 4; Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell) vol. xvii. pp. 83-4." (I. xxxv.)

Possibly the rough nicknames and sayings were merely used in agreement with the title of the collection, *Merrie Conceited Iests*. If otherwise, Barksted, certes, does not appear in a very pleasant or creditable light. References suggest that he was somehow connected with the Inns of Court. For what it is worth, take it, as follows :

"HOW GEORGE READ A PLAY-BOOK TO A GENTLEMAN.

There was a gentleman, whom God had endued with good living to maintain his small wit : he was not a fool absolute, although in this world he had good fortune : and he was in a manner an ingler to George, one that took great delight to have the first hearing of any work that George had done, himself being a writer, and had a poetical invention of his own, which when he had with great labour finished, their fatal end was for privy purposes. This self-conceited brock had George invited to half a score sheets of paper ; whose Christianly pen had writ *Finis* to the famous play of the Turkish Mahamet, and Hyrin the fair Greek, in Italian called a *curtezan*, in Spain, a *margerite*, in French, *une curtain*, in England, among the barbarous, a whore, but among the gentle, their usual associates, a punk : but now the word refined being latest, and the authority brought from a climate as yet unconquered, the fruitful county of Kent, they call them *crashabell* which is a word but lately used, and fitting with their trade. Leaving them, this fantastic, whose brain was made of nought but cork and sponge, came to the cold lodging of Monsieur Peele, in his black satin suit, his gown furred with coney, in his slippers. Being in the evening he thought to hear George's book, and so to return to his inn ; this not of the wisest, being S. Bernard's. George bids him welcome ; told him he would gladly have his opinion on his book. He willingly condescended, and George begins to read, and between every scene he would make pauses, and demand his opinion how he liked the carriage of it. Quoth he, wondrous well, the conveyance. O, but, quoth George, the end is far better ; for he meant another conveyance ere they two departed. George was very tedious in reading, and the night grew old : I protest, quoth the gentleman, I have stayed over long ; I fear me I shall hardly get into mine inn. If you fear that, quoth George, we will have a clean pair of sheets, and you shall take a simple lodging here. This house-gull willingly embraced it, and to bed they go ; where George in the midst of the night spying his time, put on this dormouse's clothes, desired God to keep him in good rest, honestly takes leave of him and the house to whom he was indebted four nobles. When this drone awaked, and found himself so left, he had not the wit to be angry, but swore scurvily at the misfortune, and said, I thought he would not have used me so. And although it so pleased the fates he had another suit to put on, yet he could not get thence, till he had paid the money George owed to the house, which for his credit he did ; and when he came to his lodging, in anger he made a poem of it :

Peele is no poet, but a gull and clown,
 To take away my clothes and gown :
 I vow by Jove, if I can see him wear it,
 I'll give him a glyg, and patiently bear it." *

* Works of George Peele, by Dyce : II., pp. 289-91.



MIRRHA
THE
Mother of A
donis :
OR
Lustes Prodegies.

By William Barksted.

Horrace
Nanfiscetur enim pretium, nomenque
Poetæ.



LONDON
Printed by E. A. for John Bache, and are to
be sold at his shop in the Popes-head Palace,
 nere the Royall Exchange, 1607.



To his beloved ; the

Author.

P*Raise where so er't be found, if it be due,
Shall no vaine cullour neede to set it foorth:
Why should I idely then extoll the worth,
Where heere (dere friend) I finde belong to you.
And if I er'd, full well the learnèd knewe,
How wide, amisse my marke I taken had,
Since they distinguish can the good from bad,
And through the varnish well discerne the hewe
Be glad therefore, this makes for you, and knowe,
When wiser Readers, heere shall fixe their sight,
For vertues sake, they will doe vertue right.
So shalt thou not (Friend) vnrewarded goe,
Then boldly on, good fortune to thy Muse,
Should all condemne, thou canst as well excuse.*

I. W.



To his Louing friend and

Kinfman :

W. B.

THamis nere heard a Song equall to this,
Although the Swan that ow'd this present
sung to that Eccho, her owne Epitaph (quill
As proude to die, and render vp her wing
To Venus Swan, who doth more pleasing sing,
Produce thy worke & tell the powerfull tale.
Of naked Cupid, and his mothers will
My selfe I doe confine from Helicon,
As loath to see the other Muses nine,
So imodestlie eye shoot, and gaze vppon
Their new born enuie: this tenth Muse of thine,
Which in my selfe I doe in thee admire,
As Aesops Satire the refulgent fire,
Which may me burn, (I mean with amorous flame)
In reading, as the kissing that did him.

And

*And happie Mirrha that he rips thy shame,
Since he so queintly doth expresse thy fin,
Many would write, but see mens workes so rare,
That of their owne they instantly dispaire.*

Robert Glouer.





To his esteemed friend

W. B.

Not for our friendship, or for hope of gaine,
Doth my pen run so swiftly in thy praise:
Court-seruile flatterie I doe disdaine,
"Enuie like Treason, stil it selfe betraies.
This worke Detractions sting, doth disinherit:
He that giues thee all praise, giues but thy merrit.

Lewes Machin.

To



To his respected friend.

W. B.

P*Oet, nor art thou without due desert,
stil'd by that name :
Though folly smile, and enuy frowne,
to heare the same.
Yet those who read thy worke with due respect,
Will place thee with the worthiest of that sect,
Then let not ignorance, nor enuie moouue thee
Thou hast done well, they do not that reprove thee:
Yet some (true worth nere wants an opposite)
will Carpers be :
Griue not at this, not vertues selfe can scape
their obloquie,
But giue the raynes vnto these baser spirits,
Whose Iudgements cannot paralell thy merrits,
Such fooles (to seeme iudicious) take in hand,
To censure what they doe not understand.*

Yet

To his respected friend.

*Yet cannot they detract, or wrong thy worth,
maugre their spight:
For thou doost chaunt incestuous Myrrha forth,
with such delight,
And with such gouldē phrase gild'st ore her crime
That what's moſte diabolicall, ſeemes deuine.
and who ſo but begins the ſame to reade
Each powerfull line, attracts him to proceede.
Then ſince he beſt deſerues the Palme to weare,
Who wins the ſame:
Doe thou alone inioy thoſe ſweets, which beare
thy Mirrhas name.
And euer weare in memorie of her,
an anademe of odoriferous Mirrhe,
and let Apollo, thinke it no diſpraiſe,
To weare thy Mirrhe, & ioyne it with his bayes*

William Bagnall.





M I R R H A,

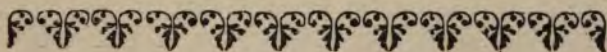
The Mother of A

donis.



I Sing the ruine of a beautious Maide,
White as my paper, or loues fairest Doue,
shine bright *Apollo*, Muse be not affraide,
Although thou chauntest of vnnaturall loue,
Great is my quill, to bring foorth such a birth,
as shall abash the Virgins of our earth.
fmoake Goulden censors vpon *Paphos* shrine,
drinke deep *Lenæus* to this worke of mine.

Cupid





Mirrha.

Cupid to *Thracia* went to heare a Song
of *Orpheus*, to whome euen Tygers came,
And left their fauage Nature, if there long
they did with his sweet Melodie remaine. (sing
Wolues loft their preyes, and by signes praid him
Beasts left the Lyon, and chofe him their King.
Cecropian Apes did on his musicke waite,
Yet of them all, not one could immitate.



Tis faide when *Orpheus* dyed, he did descend
To the infernall, so the *Furies* boast :
Where now they giue him leaue his eies to bend,
without all feare, on her whome he once loft,
By a regardant looke, but tis not fo :
Ioue not referu'd fuch musicke for belowe,
But placed him amongst celestiall ftars,
To keep the Scorpion, Lyon, Beare from Iars.
For





Mirrha.

For euer since the fall of *Phaeton*
that then displacèd them, they were at strife
For their degrees, till his alluring Tone,
(who though in death hath the office of his life
Though more diuinely: and where he attracts,
More glorious bodies to admire his actes:
Faire stranger shape of creature, and of beaft)
With his concordant tunes, placed them in rest.



The Dittie was (and *Cupid* lent an eare)
Vpon the death of his *Euridice*:
Which still he fung, as if his former feare,
Of loosing her, was now, or else would be :
The Eccho beate the noyse vp to the Spheares,
And to his passionate song, Gods bent their eares.
It was a signe, he was new come from hell,
Their tunes so sad, he immitates so well.

Such





Mirrha.

Such passion it did strike vpon the earth,
that *Daphnes* roote groan'd for *Apollo's* wrong:
Hermophrodite wept shewers and wisht his birth
had neuer bin, or that he more had clung
To *Salmacis*, and *Clitie* griued in vaine:
Leucothoes wrong, the occasion of her baine,
my wilful eie (this should the burden be)
Hath rob'd me of, twice slaine *Euridice*.



Cicnus stil proud though he confuted be,
for *Phaetons* losse, would needs afresh complaine:
Thinking therewith to singe as sweet as he,
but pittiles he sung and dyed in vaine.
Eccho was pleas'd with voice-resounding brim
as proude to loose her shape to answer him.
Hether reforted more then wel could heare:
but on my Muse, & speake what chanced there.
Amongst





Mirrha.

Amongst the rest of *Vesta*-vowèd Girles, (knew
came *Mirrha* (whose thoughts no guile then
Like a bright diamond circled with pearls,
whose radiant eye delt lustre to the hew
Of all the dames: whose face so farre aboue
the rest (though beautilous all) vnwounded made
for neuer since *Spiches* was made a star (Loue, loue:
did he see nature excel art so far.



He chāg'd his shape, his wings he oft hath torne,
and like a hunter to this nimph he came:
With gold-tipt *Iauelin* and a bugle Horne,
such as they beare to make the Lyon tame:
First did he kisse hir hand, which then did melt
with loue's impressiō, *Cupid* the like felt:
Stroke dumbe, he stood in an vnwonted guise,
such magicke, beawtie carries in her eies.

At





Mirrha.

At length (quoth he) should I not say I loue,
I should both *Cupid* and his mother wrong :
By thee faire Maid a power farre aboue,
My heart is the true index of my tongue.
And by my naked wordes you may discouer,
I am not traded like a common Louer.
Rare obiects, rare amazements bred, tis true :
And their effects are tryed in me by you.



My barren braine, can blesse me with no store
Of able Epithits, so what praise I giue
Makes not you ritcher though it makes me poore :
therefore in vaine against the streame I strive,
Th'ore curious painter, meaning to excell,
Oft marres the worke, the which before was well,
And he shall dazeled be, and tyrèd soone,
That leuellethe his shafts to hit the moone.

With





Mirrha.

With this, she turnd her blufhing head afide,
 & vail'd her face with lawne, not halfe fo white
That euen the blending rofes were efpyed
 defpight the cloudes, that hid them in defpight
She threw her thin breath through the lawne, and
Leaue gentle youth, do not thus fnare a maid (faid
 I came to *Orpheus* Song, good then forbear,
It is his tune, not yours can charme mine eare.



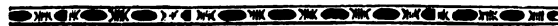
Let *Orpheus* learne (quoth he) of thee to fmg,
Bid him charme men *Mirrha* as thou canft doe:
Let him tame Man, that is the Lyons King,
 And lay him prostrate at his feete belowe,
As thou canft doe: nor *Orpheus* nor the fpheares
Haue Tones like thee to rauifh mortall eares.
 Yea, were this Thracian Harper Iudge to tell,
 (As thee) hee'd fwear he fung not halfe fo wel.
Giue





Mirrha.

Nor dying Swans, nor Phebus when he loue's,
equals thy voice (though he in musicke courts)
and as the God whose voice the firm earth moues,
making the terrors of the great, his sports,
Whose first word strooke into the *Chaos*, light:
so if that contrary thou take delight,
at thy word, darknes would or'e-cloude the ayre
and the fayrest day giue place to thee more faire.



Fame hath refing'd her lasting Trump to thee,
as to the worthyer, then thy fame display:
Tell Venus thou art fairer farre then she,
For thine own worth becomes thee best to fay,
Time will stand still, the sunne in motion stay,
Sirens be mute to heare thee speake of *Mirrha*,
Thy voice, if heard in the low shades should be
Would a third time fetch back *Euridice*.

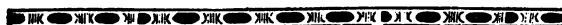
Giue





Mirra.

Giue eare eternall wonder to a swaine,
Twas writ in starres that I should see that face :
And seeing loue, and in that loue be flaine,
if beautie pittie not my wretched cafe.
Fortune and loue, the starres and powers diuine,
Haue all betraide me to those eyes of thine.
O proue not then more crueller thē they, (to stay.
Loues shaftes & fates wheelles, who hath power



(their owne
Stay there (quoth she) giue backe those powers
or not impose their powerfull force on me :
Haue I the least word or the least glance thrown
To make you attribute what's destinie
Vnto my beautie : if loue and fate you wound,
Throw vowes to thē, their altars are soone found :
Wouldst thou haue me pittie before they doe ?
Loue's blinde, and fortun's deafe, so am I too.

B

I





Mirrha.

I know not loue, fure tis a subtile thing,
I by these blufhes that thy charmes haue raifd,
T' allay more quiet, tell loues little king,
I ferue a Miftres he himfelfe hath praifd
Though he enuy, a rare and facred floure,
Whom he had will to wrong, but neuer power.
Now *Cupid* hangs the head, and melts in flame,
for she did vtter *Veftas* holy name.



And as you fee a woman teeming young,
bearing the growing burthen of her womb ;
Miffing the dainty ſhe hath lookt for long,
falls ſtraight in paſſionate ſicknes pale & dumb
(for ſeeing ſhe hath loſt it) will not tell,
for what ſhe in this forcèd paſſion fell.
So when his hopes were loſt, he would not ſay,
what was the cauſe, but this to her did laye,
Virgin





Mirrha.

Virgin beware that fire within thy brest,
to *Vesta* dedicate do not expire :
as she must warie be that is the best
to keepe it, it is knowne no lasting fier.
The fuell cold fruitelesse Virginitie,
which if zeale blow not violent, wil soone die :
This stricts a virgins life, and who but knowes,
that loue and chastitie, were euer foes.



And if ere loue assaile those virgine forts,
those Iuory bulwarkes that defend your heart ;
Though he be king of sportes he neuer sports,
when as he wounds, but playes the Tirants
And so much more he wil triūph o're thee, (part
by how much [more] thou contents his deitie :
I know you to be chaste, but yet faire Mayd,
if ere you loue youle finde what I haue sayd.

B 2

Sir





Mirrha.

Sir (quoth she) when I loue you you shall be mine :
but know the time, when you shall claime me
Whenas the fire's extinct on *Vestaes* shrine : (your's
and *Venus* leaues to haunt the *Papheon* bowres,
When men are perfect friends, Tigers at peace,
Discord in heaven, and powers diuine doe cease,
when Fortune sleeps & the north star doth moue,
whē Turtles leaue to mourne their mates, ile loue.



Ere this was ended *Orpheus* song was done,
And all the Virgins fell into their rankes,
Each tooke their leaue of him, so did the funne,
who now was poasting to the westerne bancke :
and the wild beafts, whō he had made more tame,
feem'd to depart with reuerence at his name.
Each one gaue place to *Mirrha* as their duetie,
She being preferr'd in state, as first in beautie.
Now





Mirrha.

Now Cupid of her his last leaue doth take,
so haue I seene a foule and body part :
He begs a chaste kisse for her mothers sake,
and vowes she shall be soueraigne of his heart :
But whether he dissembling did it, or twa's fate,
(As extream't loue, turnes to the direst hate)
Being repulst, but this kisse did inspire,
her brest with an infernall and vnnam'd desire.



Night like a masque was entred heauens greate
with thousand torches vshering the way : (hall
The complements of parting were done all,
& homewards *Orpheus* chaunteth many a lay ;
Venus had sent her coach, drawn by a Doue,
For little *Cupid* the great God of loue.
& this hath sprung (as men haue sayen of yore)
For *Mirrhas* sake he vow'd to loue no more.

B 3

Black





Mirrha.

Blacke as my inck now muſt my verſe commence :
You bluſhing girles, and parents ſiluer-gray,
As farre as Trace from vs, ſo farre from hence
 goe, that you may not heare me ſay,
A daughter did with an adulterous head,
And heaueie luſt, preſſe downe her fathers bed,
 ſuch ſongs as theſe more fit the Tartars eares,
 had Orpheus ſung it, beaſts had pour'd out teares.



Vnhallowed luſt, for loue lies drownd in poiſon,
 in what blacke ornament ſhall I attire thee ?
Since I muſt write of thy ſo ſad confuſion,
 ſhall I ſay *Cupid* with his brand did fire thee ?
Accuſe the Fates or thee ſhall I accuſe ?
Mirrha weepes, yet onely ſay this my Muſe :
 wiſe deſtinie, true loue, and mortall thought,
 would nere confirme this, this the furies brought.
Hee





Mirrha.

She loues her Father, Daughter nere loued fo,
for as her mother lou'd, so lou'd she him :
Thirsting in fire these softer sweetes to know,
Amidst whose waues, *Venus* in pride doth swim.
So young she was, yet that her father kist her,
Which she so dully looks for he nere mist her ;
Yet could he haue conceiu'd as he did after
those kisses rellish, much vnlike a daughter.



Giue to her golde of Ophire, Indian shels,
Cloath her with Tirian purple, skin of beast :
Perfume her waies with choice Arabian smells,
Present her with the Phoenix in her nest,
Delight her eare with songs of poets rare,
All these with *Cyneas* might naught compare :
"The comfort of the minde being tane away,
Nectar not pleaseth, nor *Ambrosia*.

B 4

The





Mirrha.

The feast of *Bacchus* at this present time
Was by the giddie *Menades* intended:
There *Mirrha* daunc'd, and *Orpheus* sung in rime
 crownd with green thirfes ; now y^e tryūphes ended :
• with praife to *Bacchus* all depart with spright,
vnto their feastes, feasts that deuoure the night,
 for loe, the stars, in trauaile in the skie,
 brought forth their brightnes to each waking eye



High midnight came, and she to bedward hies,
 pretending rest, to beguile natures rest :
Anon the gloomy gallerie she spies,
 toward her chamber, and the first that bleft,
Her care-fild eyes, her fathers picture was
 Arm'd but the face ; although it dumbe, alasse,
She ask'd an if he call'd ? seeing no reply,
She answer'd for her father, and said I.
Daughter





Mirrha.

Daughter (quoth she) why art thou thus alone?
Let Doves so mourn girle, y^t hath lost their mates
Thine is to come, then prethee cease thy mone,
Care shold not dwel with great & high estates.
Let her that needs and is not faire at all,
Repine at fortune, loue shall be thy thrall,
wing'd as he is, and armed thou shalt see,
(I haue the power to giue) and giue him thee.



Father (quoth she) and spoke with smaller voice,
Nature hath made me yours, yours I must be:
You choose my choice, for in you lies my choice,
Hereat shee starts as what not feares the guiltie?
Thinking the shadowe knew her double fence,
and blushing, in strange feare departeth thence.
blaming her selfe, for vttering her blacke fault
to him who armed stood gainst her assault.

Anon





Mirrha.

Anon she spies many a youthfull Lord,
In feuerall Tables, each in feuerall guise,
Whose pictures they had sent with one accord,
To shew their manly features to her eyes.
Whose dumb'd perfwasiue images were plac'd,
To see if any in her lookes were grac'd :
But heere in vaine, their faire assayes doe proue
for had they spake they could not win her loue.



Ouer her Mothers shape a vaile she drew,
and weeping, saide : may I nere see thee more :
Poore abus'd image, doost not turne thy hew,
to see so foule an obiect thee before? (wombe
Didst thou but know, what's sprung from out thy
thy shap cold speak, whilst y^e thy self stodst dūbe
Art would claime Nature in thy heauie woes,
thy shape haue limbs, thy limbs be stiff as those.
Anon





Mirrha.

Anon she leapt on it with ardent heate,
and full of teares, yet falles vppon her backe :
Wishing euen in that grieve the lustfull feate,
Were now perform'd (woemen oft longings lack
down sunck the down, and with so deep impresse
that had Hermaphroditus bin there he might ges
Salmacis were againe his prostitute,
or one more farre, then to deny her suite



A strange conceite, had now possesst hir braine,
nie equall to her lust, thought innocent :
She gaue vp to desire, and leapes amaine,
From the bruiſd bed, with bloodie fram'd intēt
To hang her selfe O, me moſte wofull theame.
She now espide an hie and sturdie beame :
Many staue liu'd to an vnpittied death (breath
who might haue dyed sometimes with famèd
Yet





Mirrha.

Yet doth she thinke what terror death would be,
and on her heart, imprints his Character :
Faine would she die, yet first would pleasèd be
with damnèd lust, which death could not deter.
O sinne (saies she) thou must be Natures slaue,
In spight of Fate, goe to a pleasing graue.
When I haue sin'd, send *Ioue* a thunder stroake
and spare thy chofen tree, the harmlesse Oake.



She thinks againe, and sees nor time nor place,
to quench the thirstines of her parched blood :
Time still ranne on, with an auerted face,
and nothing but her passions did her good.
This thought confoundes her, and she is resoul'd,
In deathes bleake azure armes to be inuoul'd.
Fates, you are women, saue your modesties :
sheele kill her selfe, you neede but close her eies.
And





Mirrha.

And like as, when some suddaine extasie,
feifth the nature of a ficklie man,
When hee's discernd to fwoune, straite by and by
folke by his helpe confusedly haue ran,
And seeking with their art to fetch him backe :
fo many throng, that he the ayre doth lacke,
fo *Mirrha's* thoughts confusedly did ffound her,
some adding cōfort, whilst the rest confound her.



Like to a fountaines head, fo shew'd her head,
from whence since passion first tooke hold of hir
Two springs did run thorow each flowr-fil'd
& at her lips staid, where shee wisht *Cynir* (mead
Would fo haue done : her face with teares run ore,
Like *Hebæ's* Nectar shew'd, spilt on heauens flore.
or as the blomes in May the dewe drops beares,
fo *Mirrha's* cheeks look'd sprinkl'd with her tears.

Her





Mirrha.

Her haire, that with such diligence was vsde
To be kemb'd vp & did like clowdes appeare:
Where many spangles, star-like were infus'd,
To attend the lustre of so bright a haire,
Whose beames like bright *Arachnes* web cōposed
Taught *Pallas* a new enuie, now vnlofed,
hiding her face, yet making it seeme rarer,
as blazing Commets traine makes the star fairer.



Dispaire that teacheth holy ones to die,
whenas affliction ministers her part:
Had breathing now in *Mirrha*, and well nie,
Like *Venus*, made her graspe a flaming heart,
Cupid was borne at *Etna*, a hot sprite,
Whose violence takes edge off from delight.
For men deepe louing, oft themselues so waste,
that proffer'd dainties, they want power taste.
Digresse.





Mirrha.

Digresse no farther leaft thou proue obſceane,
but tell by this how Nurſe had broke the dore,
And trembling both through age and feare,
Forgot the naturall fence ſhe had before
Yet with her out-cries from the ſhades of death,
cald Mirrhas ſpright, who with vnwillling breath
re-enters fleſh, ſcorning to giue it grace,
with wonted beautie that adorn'd her face.



She tooke the haltar, and held vp her chin,
chafing her temples with a violent heate :
Making her ſoule returne with torments in,
as it went out, being come vnto retrait,
Nurſe heau'd her trembling body on the bed,
Where ſinking as in graue, ſhe ſeemèd dead :
Chafte had my verſe bin, bleſſed Mirrhas hap,
if here my pen could write thy Epitaph.

When





Mirrha.

When hauing gotten ope her heauie eyes,
life-mocking death, with a fresh crimson hew,
she thus be spake : if there be forceries,
Philters, inchauntments, any furie new
That can inspire with irrelegious fire,
The brest of mortall, that vntam'd desire
Possesseth me, and all my bodies merrit,
Shewes like a faire house, haunted with a spirit.



The foure and twentie windes are not so fierce,
as what doth blow the fewel in my breast :
Not the soft oyle, *Appollo* did disperse,
on *Phaitons* brow, to keep his sun-beam'd crest
From face of heauenly fires, could aught preuaile
Gainst raging brāds which my poore heart affaile
scorch'd with materiall flames, wee foone do die
and to purge sins, we imbrace purgatorie.

But





Mirrha.

But this a heate that nor in life or death,
can render any humor but dispaire:
Nor can it with the short cut of my breath,
Take hence my shame, that shall suruiue mine
Nor can the act (after tis done) content (heire
But brings with it eternall punishment,
lesseneth the pleasure of the world to come,
giues the iudge leaue, & strikes the guiltie dumb



The iealous nurse, did apprehend her straite,
yet would extraet the quintessence of all:
And therefore childe (quoth she) vse no deceit,
but tel me freely whence these teares doe fall
I am thy nurse, and from my aged breft
Thou hadst thy second being, tel the rest.
I doe coniure thee, by these siluer haire,
which are grown white, the sooner in their cares.

C

If





Mirrha.

If any orped witch of *Theffalie*,
haue powre vpon thee, gentle girle relate :
Or if thou haue prophan'd some dietie,
wee shall some misticke fires propagate.
To attone with them or if with barbarous hand
deuoy'd of thy first chastitie thou stand :
Vnfold to me : griefes vttered finde redresse :
fires vndescern'd burn the more pittileffe.



Or if the funne of bewtie shoote at thee
his fiery shafts, O tell me and the rather,
Because thy confidence shal answer'd be,
With this my childe Ile hide it from thy father :
As doth a dying man hold fast what so he grasps
so she her feruent armes bout her Nurse claspes
and nuzzels once more twixt those dugs her face
whilst ore those Ilands flow salt teares apace.

That





Mirrha.

That word of father was like *Persey's* shield,
to make the poore maid stone, now nurse doth
Vnlesse she will in gentle manner yeeld, (threat
she would to morrow shew how in a heat
She would haue made away her desperate life,
and she must tell the man that forc'd that strife
within her brest through feare she thus did frame
and made her tounge the trumpet of her shame.



Her voyce halfe stopt with sighes (O fatal voice)
pronounc'd these words, yet did the accēts faile :
How blessed is my mother in her choise,
How fully she with nature did preuaile.
This said, her blushing face sinkes in her shroud
like *Cinthia* muffled in an enuious cloud.
When loe, the dying taper in his toombe,
gaue darknes to it selfe and to the roome.

C 2

Now





Mirrha.

Now had she time to waile, and well she might,
Guiltie of forrow, there might you haue seene :
As glow wormes adde a tincture to the night,
Glimmering in pallid fire, vpon some greene,
mixt with the dew, so did her eyes appeare,
Each goulden glance ioyn'd with a dewy teare,
oft shut her eyes, like starres that portend ill,
with bloody deluge, they their orbes did fill.



The Nurse amated with the latter wordes,
whose aged haire stood vp like siluer wire :
Knew speech was vaine, where will the scope af-
& whispering softly, faies childe thy desire (fords
He put into thy armes, sleepe, seize thy head,
Tis now nights noone, all but the stars seem dead,
Our vanities like fire-works will ascend,
Vntil they breake, vncertaine where to end,
Neuer





Mirrha.

Neuer did mortall with a vicious thought,
 with to bring vices Embrion to a forme :
But still the prince of darknesse to them brought
 occasions fore-locke, which they off haue torne.
Sin like a Cedar shadowes all our good :
 Whilst vertues bounded like a narrow flood.
As see now, how the occasion of misfortune,
Mirrha's much abus'd-mother did importune.



Now came the time of *Ceres* sacred rite,
 and Misteries, when all wiues young and olde
Cloathèd in vailles, all of transparent white,
 Kneele to her, and to the Attick priest vnfolde,
The firstlings of the fiel'd wreath'd gilded corne,
Chaplets of dill, pluckt in a blushing morne,
 And many such, nor may they husbands see,
In nine daies, till they end their misterie.

C 3

Now





Mirrha.

Now nurfe was double diligent, watching her
and told old *Cyniras* a louely maide (time
Sigh'd for him : and fill with cupps of wine
betwixt each word his pallat ſhe affaide.
Heated with wines, he bad the nurfe repaide,
and bring to him the Maide that was ſo faire.
Bacchus & *Venus*, Wine and frolicke luſt,
are ſworne to blood & keepe together muſt.



Mirrha no ſooner heard this glad reply,
but as a poore bird long time in a ſnare,
Ready for fammine and her woe to die,
whom an unſkilful fouler vnaware
hath giuen freedome, to her foode doth haſt,
ſo *Mirrha* thought each houre an age was paſt :
In her ſtriſt torment ; but being ſcapt away,
her woes forgot, ſhe thinkes vppon her prey.
And





Mirrha.

And as she did ascend those staires to lust,
in the midway, she heard her father speake:
And nere lay partridge closer to the dust, (weak
at sound o' the Faulcons bell, then she too
To encounter or resist: and feares are such.
in loue by loue, that they encrease loue much.
Loue like to Monarkes, hath his state hie reared
who euer wil be lou'd, where they are feared.



To a hundred feuerall passions she doth yeeld,
and as we see in Autumne of the yere
Some gallant oake stand ready to be feld,
vppon whose ribs a hundred wounds appeare
Forc'd by the brawnie armes of Hynds vnlithe,
who workes a passage to the weeping pith:
Vncertaine (though wind shaken) where to fall:
so stood her mind doubtful of rest at al.

Nurfe





Mirrha.

Nurse opes the doore, and brings her to the bed
the darknesse of the night abated shame:
And leaues her that must leaue her maiden head,
to the begetter of his owne defame.
With faultring hams hauing got twixt the sheetes,
In fearefull lust this *Prodegia* meetes,
He begs a kisse, then blusht she as he spakt it,
yet he must giue it, shee wants power to take it.



Now trembling lay she by her fathers side,
like filly doue within the Eagles gripe:
Nor doth she vse soft shrikes as doth a bride,
(I meane a maide) when as the fruite so ripe
Of maiden head, is forced from their wombe,
Her fathers armes to her was as a tombe,
she dead in pleasure, durst not shew her voice,
least *Cyniras* should know this faire foule choice

But





Mirrha.

But when that Cupid once had whetted her,
 she twines her lilly stalks about his necke :
So clings young *Iuie* bout the aged oake there,
 Venus [doth] smile, but frowning *Iuno* checks
their stolne delight : no nuptiall tapers shone,
No Virgin belt vntyed, but all vndone,
 the Athenian God, kindled no hallowed fires,
darke was the night, fuiting to their desires.



The morrow came, toylèd with wakes and lust,
 she leaues her father, whenas the rising Sun
Couering the easterne Pines and mountaine duft,
 spyed *Mirrha* from her couch of sin to runne.
Then blusht he first, and backward would ha fled
And euer since in rising hee's still red,
 Nere *Turkas* was at sick blood more estrang'd
then *Mirrha* when her Chastitie was chang'd.

Oft





Mirrha.

Oft would she leane against her fathers knees,
 & tie his garter in a true loue's knot :
And then vndoo't againe, as to shew she
 were [now] vndone, yet he conceiu'd it not.
And woman like, that keep not secrets long,
she shewd her loue in dūb shewes without tung,
 her lust she knew (yet hardly it concealde)
 like Fayries Treasur's vanish'd if reueal'd.



A third night came, darker then shores belowe,
 when Cyniras (father of feareful lust)
Willing to see the soule that did bestowe
So many pleasures on him (Ioue is iust)
Did reach a taper, whose confusiue light,
Strucke like a blasting at that horrid sight.
The light fell from him, loathing his defame:
 things fenceles oft are mou'd, whē men not shame.
At





Mirrha.

At length with bloodie eye fixèd on her,
out of an Iuorie scabberd hanging by:
He drew a monumental Semiter, (dye
thinking with death that both their shames shold
But night that oft befriended her with sinne,
In her blacke wombe too, did her freedome win,
For through the darke she flipt, and left her fire,
to mourne his Fate, not execute his ire.



Sped with her lust, and flying thence apace,
in feares and trembling, feare doth giue vs eies:
For fastie to the Gods, she lifts her face,
& her claspt hands to what she now not fee's,
loues browe was dark, Boetes had amaine
Driuen his Oxen to the lower plaine.
Phebae fled heauen, her face no tincture beares,
Because shee saw a deed, worthie her teares.

The





Mirrha.

The morning came, where yet the fatall print
of Mirrha lay vpon the pillow: *Cynix* he
Clog'd with distresse, a fathers curſſe did hint,
vpon that place of foule inchaſtitie,
the fight of what we loath, breeds loathing more
and vertue once renounc'd ingenders ſtore,
Leaue we him touz'd in care for worldly wee,
loue to leaue great men in their miſery.



Seauen winters nights ſhe fled before the Moone
(who knew the vnchaſte act ſhe had inforc'd)
Through *Arabie*, in feare ſhe poſteth ſoone,
To odorous Panchaia, whoſe confines diuorc'd
Her fathers land: here grew all choiceſt fumes:
that to Ioues temples often men prefumes:
and on his altars them accumulate,
and how they firſt ſprung, here thereof the Fate.
Hebae





Mirrha.

Hebæ now banish'd from the *Aetherian* boule
vppon a feaft day mongft the Gods aboue,
Where twas made lawfull, all without controule
might freely drinke it chanc'd the Queen of loue
Whether ſhe long'd, or enuied *Hebæs* ſtarre,
Women are enuious, where they long for nectar)
forc'd her to ſkinke ſo much, the iuice ran ore,
ſo that Ioues drinke waſht the defiled flore.



With this he ſtorm'd, that's Priests from altars flie
ſtreight banish'd *Hebæ*, & the world did thinke
To a ſecond Chaos they ſhould turned be,
the clouds for feare wept out th' immortal drinke
and on *Panchaia* there this nectar fell,
Made rich th' adiacent lands with odorous ſmell,
and ſuch rare ſpices to the ſhoares are giuen,
as Ioue would think no nectar were in heauen,

There





Mirrha.

There was a Satire rough and barbarous,
pleasing his pallat at a trembling spring:
Vnder a Beech with bowes frondiferous,
though he had seene a nimph or rarer thing
Then flesh and blood, for in the calmed streame
He saw her eyes like stars, whose raies did gleame
Boue Phoebus farre, and so amazèd stood,
as if she had bin Goddesse of that flood.



and as you see a man that hath bin long
Possessed with a furie of the shades:
after some prayers and many a sacred song,
with blessed signes, the euill spirit vades,
so fell his rudenesse from him, and her shine,
Made all his earthie parts pure and diuine.
O potent loue, great is thy power be falne,
That makes the wife mad, & the mad man calm.

Thus





Mirrha.

Thus he begins, fairer then Venus farre,
If Venus be, or if she be tis thee :
Louelie as Lillies, brighter then the starre,
that is to earth the mornings Mercurie :
Softer then Roses, sweeter breath'd then they,
blusht boue Aurora, better cloath'd then May
lipt like a cherrie, but of rarer taste,
Deuine as Dian, and as fully chaste.



Pardon my rude tongue, if I chance to erre,
as Hermes selfe might erre being the God
of Eloquence : for your bright eye doth beare
all earthly bleffings in a faire abode,
Excuse me if I trip, I meane your weale,
Error's no error, where tis done with zeale,
Loue like materiall fires is made to flame :
When tis supprest : with fanning Fires first came
With





Mirrha.

With this, the maid (so took) hung down her head
 Wondering that such a shape had such a tongue :
able to steale her loue, had she not fled,
 and from his ardent gripes, her body wrung.
Flying like *Phebe* after stricken deere :
and as he follow'd she fled more for feare.
 Zephire came foorth, to dally with her haire,
while the poore Satire cried stay maide so faire



But he on sudden like a subtill snake,
 rould in a heape, shootes foorth himself at lēgth
and to his vigorous armes greedie doth take,
his yielding prey, won with his words not strēgth
To be a woman, is by nature giuen,
But to be constant, is a star, which heauen
 Hath seald on their sex forehead as a signe,
That constancie in women is diuine.





Mirrha.

Thou didst deceiue me Mirrha, when I faide,
thou flew'ft for feare, thou gau'ft me caufe to fear
and I might iustlie haue this gainst thee laide,
thou wentst t' auide by pathes that were so nere
Who begin, ill most often end in ill,
and she that doth her first pure youth so spill
In lawles lust, though made a wife to one,
Remaines like wax for each impressiion.



But see the goodnesse of the Deities,
who still with grace preuents our ill prefage,
This groue was hallow'd to no Hiadres,
but chaste Diana, who with violent rage
Discending from her towre of Christalline,
To keepe the place still sacred and diuine:
against her rites, brought with her thereupon
white Poplar from the banckes of *Acheron*:
D Then





Mirrha.

Then with a charme, that did her face eclips,
And made her crescent quak, the iuice she powers
Vpon the Satirs face, and prophane lipps,
which quickly ouer all his body showers,
Her borrow'd power of art being finishèd :
(Deriued from Phœbus as her light) she saide,
Nine-times the holy rime, which spok will clere,
all prophane matter, and this spake she there.



Sleepe Poplar sleepe, that was the Satirs name,
who had bin long a king within these woods,
Since thou my sacred Groue, gan to prophane :
a sleepe seize on thee, still as stigian floods,
by Stix I vow the partiall deffenies,
Did they conspire, shold nere vnclaspe thine eies.
hauing thus said, the Satire vanisht so,
as mens prospect that from a mirrour goe.
I thinke





Mirrha.

I thinke quoth she accursed is this place,
for heere the man, for whome I sorrow now,
Heedlesse Acteon with immodest face,
saw all our naked and did ouer-vewe :
As men rich iuells doe, thinking there lies
yet some rare vertue hidden from their eyes :
And euen there quoth shee, & then did point,
reueng'd, I saw his hounds teare ioint from ioint.



But since saies she, thou as a King didst reigne,
and art a Trophey too of *Dians* power :
Thus much the Goddesse of the floods doth deign
to change thy shape, into a vertick flower. (wood
Then thrice three words, thrice striking charmed
The ground did crannie, and there out of hand,
appeared greene Poplar, younger then before,
which bow'd the head & dyan did adore.

D 2

The





Mirrha.

The pale fac'd Mirrha sat like guiltie spright,
fore the infernall iudge, yet did not see
Diana great, for dull are mortalls sight,
(and all inuisible is chaftitie)
But heard a voice as she was vanishing.
faying defild maide, doost wonder at this thing ?
O Mirrha, ere my crescents beautie change,
thou shalt be turn'd into a shape as strange.



With this the verdant new sprung Poplar plant
(moou'd with the winde) seemd to bow down the
as cheering Mirrha, who did comfort want (head
being amaz'd at what Diana faide,
Hauing recouer'd fence she flies the place,
For feare of Phebæs comming to the chace :
to Saba land she hies, where all affraide,
my muse shall sing the downfall of the Maide.

Then





Mirrha.

Then first hung downe Poplar his heauie braine,
for Mirrha's losse, whose loue brought him that
and for he once in woods a King did raigne, (blew
a crowne hee still wear's, richly wrought with
and yellow eke, as figures both of loue,
Which Venus dropt downe him from aboue.
Bacchus doth loue him, for in feasts of wine,
he weares a poplar Garland mixt with vine.



The leaden God of sleepe, on his iuice feede,
the vertues of him, sundry doe declare :
His suddain taste a heauinesse doth breede,
and drownes in rest, fences opprest with care,
In places farre remote, he loues to growe,
and eke by riuers that runne thicke and flowe,
where drowfilie this woodish demie-god,
with eurie gale of winde his head doth nod.

D 3

Now





Mirrha.

Now to proceede after a small repose,
that the accursed feede gan swell her wombe,
whē her drie brain, no more teares could expose,
she weayting for a sad and heauie dombe.
For often men offending, still doe feare,
Though Ioue be farre off, yet his iudgements nere
downe would she sit, and so vnfolde her moane,
that Eccho fight hers and forgot her owne.



Distressed twixt the teadioufnesse of life,
and trembling feare of death, she thus began :
For when we cease to be the crimes are rife,
which youth committed, and before vs then.
For agèd memorie doth clasp't containe,
Those shapés of sin, which hot blood held as vain
O cursed Fates quoth she, that brought to passe,
this prodegie twixt me and Cyniras.

O leaue





Mirrha.

O leaue to leap for ioy, thou prettie childe,
to Heare of Cyniras, or ile leaue rather :
To speake of him, whose bed I haue defilde,
& make him proue thy Grandfire & thy father
Was I predestin'd to selec't no other,
But fated for the sifter and the Mother.
of thee my babe, heauen here hath beene sinifer
the childe shall call his grandfire, son his mother
(sister.



Oft doe two Rofes grow out from one stem,
and one of them is full blowne fore the other,
So fares it now with thee my virgin iem, (brother
whome nature would call sonne but shame faies
Shall I not blush when thou art ripe, to gather
The circumstances of who was thy Father,
yes sure I shall, yet shame forgets all shame,
Ile charge thy father of a heauenly name.

But





Mirrha.

But oh, I feare me leaft some Prodegie,
the heauens agree, that I to light should bring :
to fright ee'n the yron age, that chaftitie
might take example by my fuffering.
That I a monfter-mother should be made,
If foe, O ouer equall Gods, let *Mirrha* fade
into some fhape, worthy your high deuice,
Pitty to me, would make Ioue feeme vnwife.



Alter O Gods, death that is due to birth,
nor let the dead repine, that I fhould fee
Eliziums bleft fhades, nor the men of earth
annoided be with my impuritie,
Let them enioy the fieldes and learnèd Songes,
Of hye brow'd Orpheus, let the vnfleht thronges
that haue deferu'd this, and much more be glad,
my ftarres, my double life, and fate, are sad.

You





Mirrha.

You wearyd race of Danans vnbleft girles,
In vaine leaue off your vnwomb'd tubs to fill,
& with your teares that staynd y^e Indyan pearles,
Weepe out or[e] Mirrha, 'and ere night you will
at my sad story orebrim with your teares :
Your whirle-poole vessells, which so many yeres
return'd no interest, if you well deplore,
you'le drowne in teares, or labour so no more.



Cōclude my fate, quicke you eternall counfell
or else I feare the nere-returnèd dead
Clad in the fearefull shapes of night and hell,
will rise before the generall day be spred ;
and hurrie me in flesh to Acheron,
To taste hels torture both in soule and bone :
Then blast me thund'rer in [thy] righteous ire,
and I like *Semele* wil melte [in] fire

The





Mirrha.

The Gods to her laft wifh were tractable,
her tongue perculift twice was as ſhe ſpake :
aire was her voice, and Mirrha now not able,
to thanke the Gods, her ioynts in ſunder brake :
Leaues were her locks, of golden haire bereau'd,
her armes long boughes deem, & be not deceiu'd :
tree gan ſhe be, yet twixt her thing ſo ſtaid,
you could not ſay ſhe was or tree or maide.



Fiſt grew her hayre vp like the Summer Corne,
or as a blazing ſtarre whoſe ſtreames riſe vpward :
& being changd, fell leaues, that vp were borne,
by the rude windes, yet had you but haue heard
You'd ſware, a ſigh for Mirrha tranſmigration
Had beene decreed by all the windie nation.
and euerie Autume ſince, a thing moſt rare,
The falling leaues, reſemble Mirrha's haire.

To





Mirrha.

To barke her yuorie skin polisht congeald,
each blew-rig'd current into melting fap,
Her nailes to blossome faire, & what reueal'd
with accents sad, the babe yet in her lap,
Her fingers twigs, her bright eyes turn'd to gum,
Buried on earth, and her owne selfe the toombe.
her fences gone, yet this fence did she win,
to aye relent, the horror of her sinne.



(remorse
For euen as from a guilty man, that's pleading for
teares followe teares, as hoping to preuaile,
So from this tree, (though now a fenselesse course)
flowe pretious teares, as seemes she doth bewaile
In death, with euer-liuing teares, the act fore-done
These *Pius* drops, made densiue by the sunne,
are kept for holy vses, and the Mir,
That so distilles doth beare the name of her.

The





Mirrha.

The misbegotton babie fwels the tree,
and loathing the defiled wombe fought vent :
Those panges that mothers haue felt thee,
and solemne sighes had issue, as they'd rent,
and spoile the shape, she newly had assum'd,
But wordes within the clofe bark were inhumbd
Yet wept it out, as it to water would,
Or seem'd it mockt Paetolus waues of golde.



Till chaft Lucina, whome the Poets giue,
The mid-wiues power in producing creatures,
by whose change we last die, and first doe liue,
(be they not violent each) she that giues features
Forme or takes away, makes foule or faire.
Discending from her Spheare next to our ayre :
with armes yspred, vppon the melting mir,
brought diuine comfort downe from heauē with her.
Few





Mirrha.

Few wordes she spake, but euery fillable,
of power to comfort the afflicted Ghostes ;
Or any other sencelesse thing make able,
doe better deedes then those *Alcides* boastes :
the tree streight craynes, & [thence] springs forth a child
who the first minut, though his countenance smild
cryed out amaine ; our first propheticke breath,
showes our first houre, is mother to our death.



The Water Nymphes then caught him tenderly,
who laid him streight on the enameled bankes,
and bath'd him with his mothers teares, whereby
they made him fairer, and in merry pranks
The Ladies call a conuocation there :
Some praise his nose, his lips, his eye, his eare,
Some his streight fingers, whilst a sixt doth sweare,
his verry breath yet smelleth of the mirre.

Another





Mirrha.

Another wifhes, oh for fuch a face !
Nor can I blame her though ſhe did wiſh ſo :
For ſure, were I a wench, t'had bin my caſe,
 for nature heere, made both her ioy and woe,
And ſpight that (but herſelf) commendeth none,
Of force muſt ſay, this was a rarer one
 Then either nature did, or ere ſhall make, (wrack.
 whoſe life holds vp her age, whoſe deathe's her



Eyes like two ſtars falne from their proper ſphears
 as if they ſcorn'd the beaten pathes of heauen :
Or enuying of the beautie of the beares,
 showne firmer heere, and brighter then the ſeauē.
Such was he as was Cupid wont to be,
In pictures lim'd, and that they may agree,
 furniſh the babe with winges and quiuer light,
 or from loues God, take wings and quiuer quite.
Nought





Mirrha.

Nought may compare with Time in his swift race
the babe ere while feeles now youths hot alarms
And as in yeares, so beautious grew his face,
that he is fit againe for Ladies armes :
Nor Cupid now could wound more dames thē he
That Venus who Captiues all, is not free
From her own power, she loue's Adonis milde,
That Mars doth storm, & wish he were no childe.



Nor Paphos, Amathus, nor fishie Gnide,
delights she now to haunt, nor Etna now
Burnes more then her, she roams the wood so wide
after her game, that to his game doth bow.
And will not heare or see, for eies and eares,
If they her heare or see, their vse forbear
Yet she persues, and leaues her power vneuen
on heauen & earth, she loues him more thē heauē.
Oft





Mirra.

Oft would she fay, and bathe those wordes in tears
oh thou faire boy, wold God thou loudst like me
but sure thou art not flesh, it well appeares,
thou wert the stubborne issue of a tree,
So hard thou art, then she a sigh would fet,
and wish that Vulcan had not made his net,
For boysterous Mars, shee' fayner ha' bin sped
with this choice floure, claspt in her yron bed.



Shee'd nere haue blusht, thē she doth make a vow
though al the Gods of both worlds had thē seen
She raueth that she euer lou'd til now,
That she might worthily ha bin loues Queene.
Wel, wel (quoth she) thou hast reueng'd the spight
which from my accurst Sons bow did fowly light
On thy faire Mother, O immortall boy,
Though thou be faire, tis I that should be coy.

But





Mirrha.

But stay my Muse in thine owne confines keepe,
 & wage not warre with so deere lou'd a neigh-
But hauing fung thy day song, rest and sleepe (bor
 preserve thy small fame & his greater fauor :
His Song was worthie merrit (*Shakspeare* hee)
fung the faire blossome, thou the withered tree
 Laurell is due to him, his art and wit
hath purchast it, *Cypres* thy brow will fit.

FINIS.

E



Hiren
or
The faire Greeke:

By William Barksted, *one of*
the seruants of his Maiesties
R E V E L S.

O V I D.

— *non paruas animo dat gloria vires,*
Et fecunda facit pectora laudis amor.



L O N D O N :
Printed for *Roger Barnes*, and are to fold at
his shop in Chancery lane, ouer against
the Rolles. 1611.



TO THE HEROICKE HE-

ros, HENRY Earle of Oxenford,

Vicount Bulbeck, &c.

*S*Ir, if my unpolisht pen, that dedicates now
The bashfull vtterance of a maiden Muse,
May gracefully arriue onely to you,
Which for her virgin sake, do not refuse,
Time, and more studious howers shall we vow,
To sing your vertues which are now profuse.
Kings haue drunke water from a louing hand,
And truth's accepted, though we paint her poore.
The Poets say, the Gods that can command,
Haue feasted gladly on a poore mans store :
Whereby great Sir, we haue to vnderstand,
That humble Riuers adde to the sea shore.
Liue long and happy, and with gray haire crown'd,
Reade thy youths aëts, which fame shall euer sound.

Your honors obseruant
feruant

WIL. BARKSTED.

A 2

The faire Greeke.

I.

O F *Amuraths* yong spleenfull sonne I sing,
His sonne, who to the strand of *Hellepont*,
And to the great Sea-coast his bounds did bring,
Whose Empire so the *Grecians* did confront,
That euen from *Pindus*, and *Thomao* Mont,
From darke *Morea* to *Corinthian* streights,
From *Burgon* to *Hungaria's* broken wing,
His Nauy fetch'd contributory freights.

2

Yong *Mahomet*, the wanton of her eie,
Which teacheth wars & taught his nonage daies
That gaue such hanfell to his tyranny,
In those first battails, and apprentize fayer,
Which did so hotly dart their early rayes,
On *Sigismond*, or that wherein was tane,
Philip the noble Duke of *Burgondy*,
With him kept prisoner, ô farre better flaine!

3

Yong *Mahomet* to *Greece* the fatall scourge,
Which thither, death and desolation brought,
Euen to the faire *Constantinoples* veirdge,
The *Grecian* Empires chaire, the which he fought,
For which a huge digested army fought,
And at the last, distressed *Constantine*,
And of all Christians did the Citty purge :
O shame to *Europes* Peeres, and Kings diuine.

A 3

Let

The faire Greeke.

4

Let *Italy* take heed, the new-moone threats,
To reare his hornes on *Romes* great Capitall,
And doth not *Rome* deserue such rough defeats,
That should be mother of compassion all ?
And cōinite the states, and principall
In league, and loue, which now for trifles iarre,
The *Persian Sophy* shames our Christian feats
Who with the *Souldan* ioynes gainst *Turkish* war.

5

Had *Constantine*, that three times sacred Prince,
Beene rescu'd then by power of Christendome,
Mathias neuer should haue crau'd defence,
Of *Germanes*, *English*, *Spanish*, *France*, and *Rome* :
Taxes of warre, to these climes had not come,
Nor yet the *Turke* with all his barbarous hoast,
Durst with the Catholikes such war commence,
Where now they haue heard their drums, & feard
[their hoast.

6

Who reads or heares the losse of that great town
Constantinople, but doth wet his eyes ?
Where litle babes frō windows were pusht down,
Yong Ladies blotted with adulteries,
Old fathers scourg'd with all base villanies ?
O mourne her ruine and bewish the *Turke*,
eternall depriuation of his Crowne,
That durst for paganisme such outrage worke.

When

The faire Greeke.

7 [surpriz'd,
When *Mahomet* had man'd the wals, the towne
Great grew the slaughter, bloody waxt the fight,
Like *Troy*, where all was fir'd, and all despi'd,
But what stood gracious in the victors fight:
Such was the wo of this great citty right.
Here lay a Saint throwne downe, & here a Nun,
Rude *Sarazens* which no high God agnif'd,
Made all alike our wofull course to run.

8
And in this deadly dealing of sterne death,
And busie dole of euery Souldiers hand, [breath
Where swords were dul'd with robbing men of
Whilst rape with murder, stalk't about the land,
And vengeance did performe her owne command:
and where t'was counted sin to thinke amisse,
There no man thought it ill to do all scath.
O what doth warre respect of bale or blisse?

9
There stood an ancient Chappell next the Court,
Where sacred Bishops said their morrow masse,
And sung sweet *Anthems* with a loud report,
To that eternall God-head, whose sonne was
Sequestred from the Trinity, to passe
Vnder the burthen of the holy Crosse,
For our redemption, whose death did retort,
The sting of Sathan, and restor'd our losse.

A 4

Hither

The faire Greeke.

10

Hither was got of filly maides some few,
Whom happily no Souldier yet had seaf'd,
Tendring their spotlesse vows, in child-cold dew,
Of virgin teares, to haue the heauens appeaf'd
But teares too late, must be too foone displeaf'd,
And hither, like a Tyger from the chafe,
Reeking in bloody thoughts, and bloody shew
Came *Amurath* himselfe to sacke the place.

11

In Armour-clad, of watchet steele, full grim,
Fring'd round about the sides, with twisted gold,
Spotted with shining stars vnto the brim, [hold :
Which seem'd to burn the spheare which did the
His bright sword drawn, of temper good and old,
A full moone in a fable night he bore,
On painted shield, which much adornèd him,
With this short Motto: *Neuer glorious more.*

12

And as a Diamond in the dark-dead night,
Cannot but point at beames on euery side,
Or as the shine of Cassiopæa bright
Which make the zodiacke, where it doth abide,
Farre more then other planets to be ey'd :
So did faire *Hirens* eyes encounter his,
And so her beames did terror-strike his fight,
As at the first it made e'm vale amisse.

O

The faire Greeke.

13

O that faire beauty in distresse should fall,
For so did she, the wonder of the east,
At least, if it be wondrous faire at all,
That stains the morning, in her purple nest,
With guilt-downe curlèd Treffes, rosy drest,
Reflecting in a comet wife, admire,
To euery eye whom vertue might appall,
And Syren loue inchant with amorous fire.

14

A thousand Bashawes, and a thousand more,
Of *Janizaries*, crying to the spoile,
Come rushing in with him at euery dore,
That had not Loue giuen Barbarism the foile,
The faire had been dishonoured in this while.
But ô when beauty strikes vpon the heart :
What musicke then to euery fence is bore,
All thought resigning them, to beare a part.

15

For as amongst the rest, she kneel'd sad weeping,
In tender passion by an altars side,
And to a blessed Saint begins her creeping,
He stood loue-wounded, what should her betide,
Whilst she saw him turn'd round, & well nie died.
Let darknes shroud quoth she, my soule in night,
Before my honor be in *Mahounds* keeping,
Prisoner to enuy, lust, and all vnright.

O

The faire Greeke.

16

O, if thou beeſt a Souldier, lend thy ſword,
To ope the boſomes, where yet neuer lay,
Ignoble Souldier, nor imperious Lord ;
Of all whom war hath grip'd into her ſway,
Onely remaine we few, let not this day,
Begin with vs, who neuer did offend,
Or elſe do all of vs one death afford,
If not, kill me, who ne'r was Pagan's friend.

17

But now (ſaid *Mahomet*) thou ſhall be mine,
Thine eies haue power to tuch a great mans hart,
If then they worke on me to make me thine,
Say art thou wrong'd ? diſhonour doth impart
No loue, where he may force : but mine thou art
And ſhalt be only in thine owne free choice, [uine
What makes me ſpeake, makes me ſpeak thus, di-
Elſe could I threat thee with a conquerors voyce.

18

What you may do (ſaid ſhe) I do not know,
But know you this, there is a thouſand waies,
To finde out night, before my ſhameleſſe brow
Shall meet that day in guilt of ſuch miſfrayes.
Oh how vniuſt art thou ? the pagan ſayes,
To him which ſues for a reſpecting eye,
And no ignoble action doth allow,
But honor, and thy faires to gratifie.

The

The faire Greeke.

19

The effect of both is one faid she, both spils,
And layes my shame o're mastered at thy feet :
But greatnesse (faid he) doth outface all ills,
And maiesty make fowre apparance sweete,
Where other powers thē greatnes doth cut meet ?
It doth indeed, faid she, but we adore,
More thē a great Earth-monarch whō death kils,
Mortall foules, thinke on th'immortall more.

20

Alas faire Christian Saint (faid *Mahomet*)
So yong, and full of gray hair'd purity,
These are but shifts of Friers, tales farre fet.
Dearest, I'le teach thee my diuinity,
Our Mecha is not hung with Imagery,
To tell vs of a virgin-bearing-fonne,
Our adoratione to the Moone is fet,
That pardons all that in the darke is done.

21

O blinde religion, when I learne, faid she)
To hallow it, my body tombe my foule,
And when I leaue the mid-day-funne for thee,
Blush Moone, the regent of the nether roule.
What I hold deereft, that my life controule,
And what I prize more precious then imagery,
Heauens, grant the same my bane and ruine be,
And where I liue, with all my Tragedy.

A

The faire Greeke.

22

A dreadfull curfe replide the Saracen,
But I will teach thee how to coufen it,
An oath in loue may be vnsworne againe,
Loue makes not louers oathes [hold] euery whit,
Thou wilt repent beside, when riper wit
Shall make thee know the magicke of thine eies,
How faire thou art, and how esteem'd of men,
Tis no religion that is too precise.

23

Nor is this all, though this might woo a Greeke,
To wantonize with princely *Mahomet*,
Much more by loues inuention could I speake,
By which the coldest temper might be heate :
But I must hence, a fitter time I'll set,
To conquer thee, Bashawes these spare or spill,
Saue *Mustapha* this maid, since her we like,
Conduct vnto our Tent, now warre who will.

24

She like *Cassandra* thral'd and innocent,
Wrang her white hands, & tore her golden haire,
Hal'd by the Eunuchs to the Pagans Tent,
Speechlesse, and spotlesse, vnpittied, not vnfaire,
Whiles he to make all sure, did repaire,
To euery Souldier throughout the field,
And gaue in charge matters of consequence,
As a good generall, and a Souldier should.

Then

The faire Greeke.

25

Then sent he forth *Polidamus* to bid,
The Drums & Trumpets found that daies retreat,
For in his foule their ratling noyse he chid
For startling *Cupid*, whose soft bosome streight,
Had lodg'd him, & grew proud of such a freight.
Beside the sword and fire had swept the streetes,
And all did in the victors hand abide,
Night likewise came, fit time for Loues stolne-
[sweets.

26

Thus tumbling in conceits, he stumbled home,
In the darke couerture of shady night,
Cal'd for a torch, the which his chamber groome,
With more then speedy haste did present light :
To bed he went, as heauy in his spright,
As loue, that's full of anguish makes the minde :
Faine would he sleepe away this martirdome,
But loues eyes open, when all else are blinde.

27

What do you talke of sleepe ? talke of the *Greeke*,
For being laid, he now grew almost mad,
What is she not as faire (quoth he) to like,
As *Phedria*, whom in *Corinth* once I had ?
With this he knock't his Eunuchs vp, and bad,
One aske the *Grecian* maide, what was her name,
What she made there, & whom she came to see,
And to what end into his Tent she came ?

When

The faire Greeke.

28

When he was gone, somewhat the fury staid,
And beat more temperate in his liuer-vaine,
Onely he could not choose but praise the maid,
Whose eies frō his such *womanish* drops did strain
Did not thy face (sigh'd he) such faires containe,
It could not be, my heart thou couldst distract,
But all abstracts of rarities are laid,
In thy faire cheeke so feelingly compact.

29

Thus made, what maiest thou not command,
In mighty *Amuraths* wide Empery?
My tributary loue, and not my land,
Shall pay it homage to thy proud-bent eye,
And they who most abhorre idolatry,
Shall tender Catholicke conceites to thee,
O arme not honor still for to withstand,
And make a foyle of loue, which dwels in me.

30

By this time was the Carpet-page return'd,
And told the prince the *Greeke* was *Hiren* hight,
But so she wept, & sigh'd, & grieu'd, & mourn'd,
As I could get no more (said he to night,
And weeps (said Amurath) my loue so bright.
Hence villaine, borrow wings, flie like the winde,
Her beauteous cheeks with hot teares wilbe burn'd
Fetch her to me : ô loue too deafe, too blinde !

Then

The faire Greeke.

31

Then crossing both his armes athwart his breast,
And sinking downe, he fet a foule-taught grone,
And sigh'd, and beat his heart, since loue possesse,
And dwelt in it which was before his owne.
How bitter is sweet loue, that loues alone,
And is not sympathif'd? like to a man
Rich & full cram'd, with euerything that's best,
Yet lyes bed-sicke, whom nothing pleasure can.

32

Sometimes he would inuoke sweet Poets dead,
In their owne shapes, to court the *maid* with words
But then he fear'd leaft they her maidenhead
Shold win frō him; thē somtimes arms & swords,
His old heroike thoughts, new roome affords,
And to the field he would: but then loue speakes,
And tels him *Hiren* comes vnto his bed,
Which dasheth all, and all intendments breakes.

33

And lo indeed, the purple hangings drawne,
In came faire *Hiren* in her night attire,
In a filke mantle, and a smocke of lawne,
Her haire at length, the beams of sweet desire)
Her breasts all naked, ô enchanting fire!
And siluer buskins on her feete she wore, [strawn
Though all the floore with Carpet-worke was
Yet were such feet too good to tread that floore.

Now

The faire Greeke.

34

Now *Mahomet* bethinke thee what is best,
Said she, compell me I will speake thy shame,
And tell thy hartful fact, at euery feast,
Singers in balads shall berime thy name,
And for dishonoring me, spot thy faire fame :
But if—— : No more chaste maid said *Mahomet* :
Though in thy grant consists all ioy and rest,
I will not force thee, till thou giue me it,

35

But say I languish faint, and grow forlorne,
Fall sicke, and mourne : nay, pine away for thee,
Wouldst then for euer hold me yet in scorne ?
Forbid my hopes, the comfort that should be
In hopes in doating hopes which tire on me :
O be not as some women be for fashion,
Like sun-shine daies in clouds of raine stil borne,
The more you'l loue, the more shall grow my passion.

36

And then he clasp'd her frosty hand in his,
An orient pearle betwixt two mother shels,
And seal'd thereon a hearty burning kisse,
Kisses in loue, force more than charmes or spels,
And in sweet language hopes-desires foretels,
Ah louely *Greeke*, what heart hast thou (quoth he)
What art thou made of ? fire dissolueth yce,
Tygers relent, yet should'ft not pittie me.

Dwel'ft

The faire Greeke.

37

Dwel'ft thou on forme? I can confirm thee than,
Sibilla liues to tell she did repent.
Let *Latmus* speake what it of *Delia* can,
And it will eccho her loue-languishment:
Chaste eyes sometime reflect kind blandishment:
Beside thy soueraigne will thy subiect be,
Once a great king, now a despised man,
A vassall, and a slaue to Loue and thee.

38

Why dost thou weepe? tis I should drown mine eies
And burst my heart with langour, and dispaire,
I whom thy vnrelenting thoughts despise,
I who can woo thee by no sute, nor prayer,
Yet doating mad for thee, ô cruell faire,
I sweare by this diuine white daizy-hand,
The loue I beare thee, in my heart it lies,
Whose searhing fire, no reason can withstand.

39

Wilt thou be mine? here shalt thou liue with me,
Free'd from oppression and the Souldiers lust,
Who if thou passe my Tent, will feize on thee,
And they are rude, and what they will thou must,
O do not to the common Kestrels trust,
They are not as the Eagles noble kinde,
But rough, and daring in all villany:
Honour with me, with them scarce safety finde.

B

Honor

The faire Greeke.

40

Honor and safety both in true loue is,
And *Mahomet* is zealous, ô loue him:
With him ioy euerything that tafts of blisse,
Pompe, honor, pleasure, shewes, and pastimes trim,
Care dwels not where he dwels, nor sorrow grim
Onely till now, that he for *Hiren* mournes:
A Greeke whom he would bring to paradise,
He ner'e took thought, but now he sighs & burns.

41

Wilt thou be his, on thee shall waite and tend,
A traine of Nymphs, and Pages by thy side, [lend
With faunes, horse, coach, & musicke which shall
The spheares new notes in their harmonies pride,
When thou wilt walke, and publikly be ey'd, [ers
To bring thee on, thy hie way cloath'd with flow-
Shall sent like *Tempe* when the graces send,
To meet each other in those fragrant bowers.

42

At home shall comick Masques, & night-disports
Conduât thee to thy pillow, and thy sheetes,
And all those reuels which soft loue consorts,
Shall entertaine thee with their sweetest sweets.
And as the warlike God with *Venus* meetes,
And dallies with her in the Paphian groue,
Shall *Mahomet* in bed shew thee such sports,
As none shall haue, but she which is his loue.

Againe

The faire Greeke.

43

Againe: no more againe (faies she) great king,
I know you can do much, and all this too,
But tell me when we loofe fo deere a thing,
Shame can we take pride in, in publike shew:
Think you the adulterate owle, then wold not fo?
No, no, nor fteate, nor honor can repure,
Difhonor'd sheets, nor lend the owle daies wing
Ignoble shame a King cannot recure.

44

Now fay mine eies & cheeks are faire, what then?
Why fo are yours, yet do I dote on you?
Beauty is blacke, defam'd by wicked men,
And yet muft euery beauty make men fue?
Too good is worfe then bad, you feeme too true
Too easie, passionate, loue-ficke, and kinde,
Then blame not me, that cannot fo foone ren
Your courfe: the fault is in your frowarde minde.

45

But fay great prince, I had a wanton eye,
Would you adde *Syrius* to the fommer funne?
And whurle hote flaming fire where tow doth lie
By which combustion all might be vndone?
For loke how mightier greater Kings do run
Amiffe, the fault is more pernicious,
And opens more to fhame and obloquy,
Then what we erre in, or is done by vs.

B 2

A

The faire Greeke.

46

A Monarch, and a mighty Conqueror
To doate, proues euery woman is his better,
But I'le be true to thee (said he:) One houre
(Said she;) but what for truth, when it is fitter
We keepe our own, then haue a doubtfull debter.
But I will fweare, said he: So *Iason* did
Replide faire *Hiren*, yet who faithleffe more,
or more inconstant to his sworne loues bed?

47

Too many mirrors haue we to behold
Of mens inconstancy, and womens shame.
How many margent notes can we vnfold,
Mourning for virgins that haue bene to blame?
And shall I then run headlong to the flame?
I blush, but it is you should be ashamed,
For know, if that you neuer haue beene told,
"Vertue may be inforc'd, but not defamed.

48

Faire louely Prince, let warre your triumphs be,
Go forward in the glittering course you run,
The kingly Eagle strikes through *Atomie*,
Those little moates that barre him from the Sun,
Then let not both of vs be here vndone,
You of your Conquest, I of Chastitie.
And pardon my rude speech, for lo you see,
I plead for life, and who's not loath to dye?

Death

The faire Greeke.

49

Death of my fame, which oft proues mortal death
Witnesse the Prince-forc'd chaste *Lucretia*,
Ere I like her be rap'd, ô reauē my breath,
And gainst thy nature, take a yeelding pray.
That will embrace death, before thee this day.
If thou loue me, shew it in killing me,
Thy sword had neuer yet a chafter sheath,
Nor thou, nor *Mahound* a worfe enemy.

50

He heard nor this, nor ought of what she said,
For all his senses now were turn'd to eyes,
And with such fix'd gaze he view'd this maid,
That sure I think not *Hermes* mysteries,
Nor all his *Caducean* nouelties,
That flow from him like a flye winding streame,
(To which the Gods gladly their eares haue laid)
Could once haue mou'd him from this waking
[dreame.

51

But sighes he sends out on this embassie,
Liegiers that dye ere they returne againe,
Poore substitutes to coape with chastity.
She knew the pleading of their Liege was vaine,
And all his teares like to a Mel-dew raine,
That falles vpon the floures, to defloure.
Yet, for twas tedious, she did aske him why,
Each sigh was o're him such a conquerour.

B 3

By

The faire Greeke.

52

By heauen he fwore, and made his Eunuch start,
I figh to coole Loues fire, then kift her hand:
For know, thou wonder of the Eafterne part,
He need not counterfeite that can command:
But by my meddling *Cupids* coniuring wand,
I am all loue, and faire beleeeue my vow,
Sprung from a Souldier's, now a louers heart,
He sweares to loue, that neuer lou'd till now.

53

Not halfe fo faire was *Hellen*, thy pre'ceffor,
On whom the firy brand of Troy did dote,
For whom fo many riual kings to succour,
Made many a mountaine pine on Symois floate,
Whilft fame to this day tells it with wide throat.
Heftor fell wounded in that warlike ftir,
Peleus did faint, *Aiæx* that lufly warriour,
Then blame not me, that loue one far 'boue her.

54

Nature deuif'd her owne defpaire in thee,
Thine eye not to be match'd, but by the other,
Doth beare the influence of my deftiny.
And where they ftray, my foule muft wander thi-
Beauty of beauty, mother of Loues mother. [ther
All parts he praifes, coming to her lip,
Currall beneath the waues, vermilion dye,
And being fo neere, he wold not ouerflip.

Now

The faire Greeke.

55

Now tyres the famish'd Eagle on his pray
Incorporating his rude lips in hers,
Sucking her balmy breath soft as he may:
Which did more vigor, through his brest disperse,
Such kisses louers vse at first converse.
All parts were to the center drawne I wis,
Close as the dew-wormes at the breake of day,
That his soule shew'd, as t'were a melting kisse.

56

Till breathles now, he breath'd into her loue,
Who scorn'd to take possession by degrees,
No law with her strange passion, will he proue,
But hauing interest, scorn'd one inch to leese,
Cupid, sheele set thee free withouten fees.
But though his wings she well nie set on fire,
And burn'd the shaft, that first her brest did moue,
Yet *Cupid* would be Lord of her desire.

57

Tis sayd, *Aurora* blushes euery morne,
For feare that *Titan* should her fault espy,
And blushes so did *Hirens* cheekes adorne,
Fearing least *Mahomet* perceiu'd her eye.
Louers are blind, and what could he espy;
No, twas the hidden vertue of that kisse,
That her chaste lips were nere vs'd to beforne,
That did vnframe her, and confirme her his.

B 4

Louers

The faire Greeke.

58

Louers beleeue, lips are enchanted baites,
After fifteene, who kisses a faire maide,
Had need to haue friends trusty of the fates,
For by my muse (I sweare) I am afraid,
Hee's Iourney-man already in Loues trade,
A kisse is porter to the caue of loue,
Well fee, and you may enter all the gates
" Women were made to take what they reprove.

59

A kisse is the first Tutor and instinct,
The guider to the Paphian shrine and bowers.
They who before ne're entred loues precinct,
Kissing shall finde it, and his sundry powers.
O how it moues this continent of oures,
And makes our pulse more strong & hye to beat,
Making vs know when lips are sweetly linck't,
That to those Kickshawes 'longs more dainty
meate.

60

And so indeed betwitchèd *Hiren* knowes,
The preffure of his lips was not in vaine,
Seldome proue women friends vnto their foes,
But when with our kindnesse they are tane,
So weake professors swalow their owne bane:
Shew them the axe they'l suffer martyrdome,
But if promotion to them you propose,
And flattery, then to the lure they come.

Thus

The faire Greeke.

61

Thus *Mahomet* blinds her with *Cupids* vaile,
And this new conuertite building on hope,—
Loue makes folkes hardy, alas the flesh is fraile,—
Dispences now a little with the Pope:
And frō restrections giues her heart more scope.
O Liberty, Author of heresie.
Why with such violent wing dost thou assaile,
To hurry vertue to impiety.

62

No pardon will she now implore of *Rome*,
Herselfe she pardons twenty times an houre,
Nor yet an heretike her selfe doth doome,
Since she hath *Mahomet* within her power.
O loue too sweet, in the digestion sower!
Yet was he made, as nature had agreed,
To match them both together from her wombe,
And be a ioyfull grandam in their feed.

63

A face Nature intended for a maister peece,
And louely as the maide (though a blacke pearle)
Painters and women say, an *Eben* fleece,
Doth well befeeme the shoulders of an Earle:
Blacke snares they were, that did intrap this girle
Each haire like to a subtill serpent taught her,
Of the forbidden fruit to taste a peece,
Whil't *Eue* is stain'd againe here in her daughter.

His

The faire Greeke.

64

His eyes were stuck like Comets in his head,
As if they came to treat of nouelties,
And bring the world & beauty into dread:
That he must conquer chafteft chastities.
O who such tempting graces could despise,
All voluntarie finnes foules may refraine,
But Natures selfe that of the flesh is bred,
Such power she hath, that vice she will retaine.

65

Let me, faire Greeke, a little plead for thee.
Like a vaine Orator, more for applause,
And swolne commends, of those are standers by,
Then profits sake, or goodnesse of the cause.
If men that vpon holy vows do pawse,
Haue broke, alas, what shall I say of these,
The last thing thought on by the Deitie,
Natures step-children, rather her disease.

66

Maides, why commit you wilfull periurie?
To you I speake that vowe a single life,
I must confesse y' are mistresses of beauty:
Which beautie with your oaths is still at strife.
Then know of me, thou, widow, maide or wife,
She that is faire and vowes still chaste to stand,
Shall finde an opposite to constancie,
Foolles Oracles last not, are writ in sand.

The end of the first Tome.

TO

TO THE PERFECTION OF

Perfection and wifedome of Woman
hood, the intelligent, and worthily admi-
red ELIZABETH, Countesse of Dar-
by, wife to the thrice-noble

WILLIAM Earle
of Darby.

W*Hen as the skilfull statuarie make,
The image of some great & worthy one,
They still, as they intend his forme to take,
Forecast the Basis he shall rest vpon,
Whose firme infixt thunders nor winds can shake,
Nor Time, that Nature deads to liue alone.
So (worthiest Lady) may I proudly vaunt,
(Being neuer guilty of that crime before)
That to this Laye, which I so rudely chaunt,
Your diuine selfe, which Dian doth adore,
As her maids her, I haue select to daunt
Enuy: as violent as these nam'd before.*

Vertue

*Vertue and beauty both with you enjoy
Gorgon and Hydra (all but death) destroy.*

Your honors from
youth oblig'd
WIL. BARKSTED.

Long

The second Tome.

67

Long did this beautilous martyr keep her faith,
Thinking that *Mahomet* was full of error:
Treading that high coelestiall milkie path,
Virginitie, that did produce hels terror,
Yet knowing loue in Princes turnes to wrath,
She meanes to catch his fancies with her cunning:
But so resistlesse is this Princes feruor,
Though he imprifon loue, still feares his coming.

68

For like a Castle seated on a rocke,
Besieg'd by thousands danger each way spread,
That had withstood the battery of warres shock:
The liuing making bulwarkes of the dead.
So did this Virgins thoughts to her hart flock,
Wiuing her danger, when her powers were lost:
Hyrena will yeeld vp her maiden head,
A gift to make *Ioue* proud, or silence boft.

69

He gently woes her with the misers god,
The *Indians* ignorance, and vertues slaue
Bright flaming gold, for where that ha's abode,
All doores flie open to the wish we craue.
Gold is mans mercy, and his makers rod,
She loues the King for honor and for riches,
He makes her eye his heauen, her lap his graue,
A womans face oft Maiesties bewitches.

When

The faire Greeke.

70

When newes is brought him that his foes are come,
He catches straite this maiden in his armes,
Calling for musicke that is now his drumme:
He keepe thee safe (quoth he) for other harmes,
Tho spoke in thunder they to me are dumbe.
To counsell now they call him with low duty,
But her Idea so his senses charmes,
He drownes all speech in praising of her beauty.

71

One tels him that the Christians are in field.
You do not marke her beauty, he replies.
Two mightie Cities to their power doth yeeld:
Note but the lustre sparkling from her eyes.
Your subiects hearts, against your life are steeld:
Her tongue is musick, that strikes wonder dumbe.
Your people struck with warre by millions dyes:
If she but frowne then I shall ouercome.

72

Shall I feare this worlds losse enioying heauen,
Or thinke of danger when an Angel guards me?
Can greater glory to my life be giuen,
Then her maiesticke beauty that rewards me?
Nay is not he of happinesse bereauen,
That neuer saw her face nor heard her voyce,
And those that win our loue, or most regards me,
Confesse that we are godlike in our choice.

He

The faire Greeke.

73

He left his Ianifaries in a trance,
And to her priuate chamber straite withdrawes:
His bloud within his azure veines doth dance:
"In loue th' effects are seene before the cause:
For nectar'd kisses and a smile by chance,
Are but loue branches, though they grow vp first,
And *Cupid* thus confines vs in his lawes,
To tast the fountaine ere we quench our thirst.

74

Night like a Princes pallace full of light,
Illumin'd all the earth with golden starres,
Here Art crost Nature, making day of night:
And *Mahomet* prepares him for loues warres.
A banquet is ordain'd to feed delight,
Of his Imperiall bountie with expences:
A heauen on earth he presently prepares,
To rauish in one hower all her fences.

75

Her eyes could glance no way but saw a iewel,
As rich as *Cleopatra* gaue her loue.
Pictures haue power to warme ice with loues fewell.
The gentle treading of the Turtle-doue,
The Camels lust that in his heate is cruell:
And *Iupiter* transformèd from a man,
When with his breast the siluer streame did moue,
And rauish *Læda* like a snowy Swan.

The

The faire Greeke.

76

The table furnisht, to delight the taste,
With food about *Ambrosia* diuine,
Such as would helpe consumptions that did waite:
The life blood, or the marrow, Greekeish wine,
So high one draught would make *Dian* vnchaste.
Nectar is water to this banquet drinke,
Here *Æsculapius* did his heart resigne,
And pleasure drown'd with standing on the brink

77

To please her hearing Eunuches sang as shrill,
As if that nature had dismembred them,
All birds that echoes musicke through the bill,
Sang ioi to her in an vndittied antheim:
An artificiall heauen stands open still,
Filling the rooſe with a ſweet vnknowne noyſe,
Downe falls a clowd like a rich diadem,
And ſhowes a hundred naked ſinging boyes.

78

The ſence of ſmelling with all rare deuices,
That rich *Arabia* or the world can yeeld,
The dew of Roſes and choiſe Indian ſpices,
The pureſt of the garden and the field.
The earth to part with theſe rare gifts now niſes,
And vowes no more her nature ſo profuſe,
Shall let her ſweets be from her breſt diſtild,
To feed their vanitie with her abuſe.

Then

The faire Greeke.

79

Then in a rich imbroidred bed of downe,
Pluck't from the cōstant Turtles fethered breast,
Vpon her head he set imperiall crowne,
And to her goes: Now is his soule at rest.
This night he counts the end of his renowne,
The fence of feeling, she feeles by his power,
And like a subiect yeelds to his request,
Whilest *Mahomet* a virgin doth deflower.

80

Now feares this flower deflowr'd his loue will waine,
Wishing the lustfull act had bin vndoon,
The pleasure cannot counteruaile the paine,
For still she thinkes with torment ioy is woon,
His loue growes full, she gets it now with gaine:
He like a ring of gold insets his iewell,
But fearing of his force she should disdaine,
Till sighes and kisses did inflame Loues fewell.

81

Then like the God of Warre, caught in a net,
He twin'd his *Venus*, danger was not nigh,
And as a Diamond compared with Iet,
So show'd her sparkling eye against his eye.
The funne-gaz'd Eagle now this done doth get,
And gently gripes her, hurting not his pray,
She sounds with pleasure, second sweets are high
And wishes *Phæbus* blinde all night, no day.

The

The faire Greeke.

82

The red-cheek't morning opens now her gate,
The busie day breathes life into the world,
The heauens great coachman mounted is in state,
And darknesse from the aire to hell is hurld.
Now pleasures king by day light sees his mate,
Whil't she lay blushing like the damaske rose,
His ietty haire she with her fingers curld,
He hug'd her fast, leaft he his ioyes should lose

83

Her sight begot in him a new desire,
For that is restlesse alwaies in extreames,
Nought but faciety can quench loues fire.
Now through the chriftal casemēt *Phæbus* beames
Dazled those twinckling starres that did aspire,
To gaze vpon his brightnesse being a louer.
Tasting her petulans in waking dreames,
To hide her from the funne, he doth her couer.

84

Then sweet breath'd musicke, like the chime of spheares,
Did rauish pleasure, till this paire did rise:
More wonder then that sound was to men eares
Was her rare beauty to the gazers eyes.
Ioy was so violent, the rockes it teares,
The noife and triumphs beates vpon the aire,
And like ambition pierceth through the skies,
That *Ioue* loo'kt downe on her that was so rare.

Thus

The faire Greeke.

85

Thus *Mahomet* both day and night doth spend,
In obseruation of her eyes and pleasure,
Growing so iealous, least he should offend,
His foules perfection, natures vnspend treasure.
If she but speake to him, he low doth bend,
And such a seruitude he doth dicouer.
Neglecting of himselfe in that grosse measure,
That *Hiren* clips her slaue, no Emperour.

86

Her chamber is her prison (O most willing)
And there like house-doues they each other woo
At first shee'l shun him, after fall a billing,
And with imagination make him doo.
Thy eies quoth *Mahomet*, saues thousands killing
For all my force vpon thee shall be spent,
Thy warres directions I do best allow,
Thy Armes my Armour, and thy bed my Tent.

87

Who doth offend this paramour, straight dyes,
As certainly as if pronounc'd by fate,
Who doth with duty please her, needs must rise,
Her face directeth both his loue and hate.
The grosest flatterer is held most wise.
Now reigns swolne gluttony, red lust, and pride :
For when the heart's corrupted in a state,
Needs must the other parts be putrified.

C 2

The

The faire Greeke.

88

The cōmons like wolues, bark againſt the moone
And ſweare they wil depole him from his throne:
The nobles whiſper, and intend, that ſoone,
Some one ſhal let their griefe to him be knowne.
To ſcape that office now is each mans boone,
Who ſpeakes againſt her whets a fatall knife,
For he replyes, I looſe but what's mine owne,
As ſure as we haue life, you looſe that life.

89

They ſtand amaz'd, by hearing their own feares
Each viewing other with a face extractèd:
Some praying, curſing, other ſhedding teares,
To ſee a Louer by a Souldier actèd.
Patience doth foole vs, that ſo long forbearès,
To tell our Emperour hee's turn'd a monſter,
And to ſuch eaſe and vices ſo contractèd.
The world, his birth, and titles doth miſ-conſter.

90

Then *Muſtapha*, beloued of the Turke,
Stood vp, and ſaid, I hazard will my head,
Know Countrey-men, Ile vndertake this worke,
And if I fall, lament me being dead.
No flattery within this breſt ſhall lurke:
For that to Princes eares is now grown common
Whileſt *Mahomet* to haue his pleaſure fed,
Doth looſe the worlds ſway for a fickle woman.

Vnto

The faire Greeke.

91

Vnto her priuate chamber straight he goes,
And findes his soueraigne sleeping on her lap,
On suddaine wakes him: Sir, here are your foes,
The sound amaz'd him like a thunder-clap :
Although you sleep, awak't are all our woes.
The franticke Emperour vpon him stares,
Relate in brieft the worst of our mishap,
Man cannot wrong vs, when a God not dares.

92

This danger Mahomet, attends thy reigne,
The Gods are angry with thy lustfull ease,
Thy priuate pleafure is the Empires paine,
To please your selfe you all the world displease :
The Sophy, German, and the King of Spaine,
Begirt thy safety with the ribbes of death.
Then worthy Prince, your wonted valour cease,
And take my counsel, though it cost my breath.

93

You are but the shadow of an Emperour,
Not really [one], affecting what you are,
A slothfull Epicure, a puling louer,
That now en'e trembles at the name of warre,
Obliuion all thy former acts do couer,
Most willing to remoue you I will dye,
The funne of honour now is scarce a starre,
Vertue at first was fire to Maiesty.

C 3

The

The faire Greeke.

94

The Emperour vpon his subiect stares,
As if a Gorgons head he there had seene,
How comes it vassall, that thy proud tōgue dares,
Speake to remoue mee frō this heauenly queene?
The gods wold liue on earth, to haue their shares
In my *Hirena*: Sirra, you want nurture:
Thy life I will not touch now in my spleene,
But in cold bloud it shall depart with torture.

95

I feare not death, repli'd bold *Mustapha*,
At your command I'le clime a steepy rocke,
Then headlong tumble downe into the sea,
Or willingly submit me to the blocke,
Disrobe my nature, and my body flea:
Yet in that tyranny I'le speake my minde,
And boldly like a Souldier stand deaths shocke,
Concluding, luft can strike the Eagle blinde.

96

His haughty words amaz'd the king of loue,
Thou wert not wont to speake thus without duty.
Can her embraces so my soule remoue?
And must he be a coward dotes on beauty?
Such rarity of pleasure I do proue,
In her enioying, that my soule is fed,
With that variety, to speake her truly,
Each night she giues me a new maiden-head.

Yet

The faire Greeke.

97

Yet shall my subiects know my power in this
That I can rule mine owne affection :
I pardon freely what thou speak'st amisse,
Knowing it sprung from loue, and thy subiection :
Your eies shall see me rob the earth of blisse,
A sight too sad for heauen, strike men with terror,
And in that act cast such reflexion.
That kings shall see themselves in me their mirror.

98

Go, tell my Baschaes, and the noble bloud,
I do inuite them to a royall dinner,
And there I'll shew them loue can be withstood :
Yet he that wrongs my *Greeke* is such a finner,
He cannot cleanse himselfe, washt in *Ioues* flood.
Fortune this fate vpon my loue hath hurld,
The Monarkes of the earth in hope to win her,
Against her beauty would stake all the world.

99

Leaue vs : and be thou comforted my faire,
I will aduance thee bou'e the stile of woman :
Let not my words bring thee vnto dispaire,
Thou shalt imbrace the Gods, for her's no man
Worthy to taste thy sweetes, they are so rare.
Drawn by the *Phoenix* thou through heauen shalt ride
And *Saturn* wounded by loues litle bowman
Shall get his sonne to have thee stellifide.

Go

The faire Greeke.

100

Go decke thy beauty with heauen's ornament,
Shine Cinthia-like with iewels in the night,
As she with starres stucke in heauens firmament ;
But thine, the greater will deface her light,
Making her yeeld to thee her gouernment.
On *Saturnes* top thy face shall gaine opinion,
Beyond cold *Phæbe* shining out so bright,
Thou shalt be courted by her loue *Endimion*.

101

Let ioy possesse thy heart, and be thou proud,
In fight of all the Turkish Emperours Peares,
Let not thy funne of beauty in a cloud,
Be hid from those, whose eies with dewy teares,
For want of thy pure heate in shades do shroud,
Their drooping forheads, but thy beames exhales
All misty vapours, and the welkin cleares,
Like purifying lightning, or *Ioues* balles.

100

Then hand in hand they passe out of the roome,
Her beauty like a blazing starre admired,
Well may I tearme it so, it shew'd the doome,
Of her liues date that instant was expired.
Now to the prefence chamber they are come,
Where all in reuerence kisse the humble earth,
Here nature tooke her own, and death hath hir'd,
To giue that backe againe, which she gaue birth.

Now

The faire Greeke.

103

Now stands [he] in the midft, and thus begins,
(Taking the faire *Hirena* by the hand :)
Which of you here, that fuch a creature wins,
Would part with her, for honor, loue, or land ?
The gods were enuious whē they made thofe fins
Which are thcrowns of this fraile worlds cōtent,
Nor can it with their humane reason ftand,
To thinke our ioyes begets our punifhment.

104

View but her hand, her lip, her brow, her eyes,
The fmalneffe of her wafte, and comely ftature,
And let your iudgement bou'e your hatred rife,
Thē you muft needs cōfesse, ſhe excels in feature.
That you are onely fooles, I truly wife,
Doe[s] not her prefence admiration ftrike,
And broken is her frame by angry nature,
For feare ſhe wrongs herfelfe, and make the like,

105

What man that hauing toild in hidden Art,
Spent all his youth, and ſubſtance to the bone,
All bookes and knowledge in the deepeſt part,
To finde that *Phoenix*, that gold-getting ſtone,
And hauing it, to comfort his weake heart,
Shall he his ſeruants, wife, or friends to pleaſe,
With his owne eies go ſee that iewell throwne,
Into the bottomeleſſe and gaping ſeas.

Or

The faire Greeke.

106

Or which of you can haue the fortitude,
to lop a limbe off, or pull out an eye,
Or being in a heauenly seruitude,
To free your selues would with the damnèd lye?
Of force with me you now must all conclude,
That mortall men are subiect to loues rod,
But heere you shall perceiue that onely I,
Am natures conquerour, and a perfect God.

107

Then with a smiling looke, he came vnto her,
And kist her, bad her pray, and then he smil'd,
I must not in my constancy now erre,
Since by mine owne tongue I a God am sti'ld.
He drawes a fatall Turkish Simiter,
With it he parts her body from her head.
And though his tyranny did proue so vile,
She seem'd to mocke him smiling being dead.

108

Vntill he tooke it in his bloody power,
And then a crimson floud gusht out a-pace,
The fauor chang'd frō smiling, and look't sower.
And senceles teares ran trickling downe her face,
As who should say, I thought within this hower,
For me thou wouldst haue oppos'd heauen with strife,
That earthly being is like falling glasse,
To thee I lost virginity and life.

Long

The faire Greeke.

109

Long stood he mute, and gaz'd vpon her forme,
Till *Muslapha* came in to play his part,
His eies shot lightning like a horrid storme,
Thē with his fauchion runs him through the hart.
O could this diuell my foule fo transforme,
That I must eate that snake in him did lurke,
But this is hels instruction, the blacke Art
To giue our fins the means by which they work.

110

O my *Hirena*, *Mahomet* then cries,
Looke through the orbes, & see an Emperour sad
Detaine her not you rulers in the skies,
But send her once more, to make Monarkes glad.
My foule to thine like *Tartars* shaft now flies,
They held his arme, or else he had done the deed.
Thou mighty *Mahomet* with loue growne mad,
Can nothing ease you, but your heart must bleed.

111

Where is that God-head due vnto your birth,
Descended from the *Prophet Mahomet*,
Recall your spirits to their former mirth,
And keep your colour constant like the Iet.
Now show your fortitude, be God on earth,
Marshall your men, giue eare vnto your Drum,
And let your valour,—the sunne being fet,—
With the resp[^l]endancy burne Christendome.

Awake

The faire Greeke.

112

Awake dull mate, [awake] and leaue this trance,
Be perfect man, as thou hast here thy being,
Not subiect vnto passion or chance;
But like thy selfe, with Kingly thoughts agree,
Our siluer moone to heauen we will aduance,
And Christendome shall mourne for *Hirens* fall,
That heathen Princes our braue acts seeing,
Shall yeeld the world to vs, we King of all.

113

And for my loues vnkindly Tragedy,
A thousand Citties for her death shall mourne,
And as a relicke to posterity,
Our priests shall keep her ashes in their vrne,
And fame to future times with memory,
Shall found her glory, and my loues effects,
For, till this vniuerfall Masse doth burne,
Her beauty rests the wonder of her sex.

114

Now order my affaires for bloudy warre,
For heere I vow this loue shall be my last,
No more shall downy pleasure, like a barre,
Stop my designes that now at honour gaste,
Shoote prophet on my forehead a blessed starre,
A Tygers fiercenesse, and my heart shall moue,
Because with *Hiren* all affection's past,
I'le pittie none, for pittie begets loue.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.



I. MIRRHA THE MOTHER OF ADONIS.

- Title-page. See Introduction on the story of "Mirrha."
 „ Horace "Nansicetur," &c. More exactly:—
 "Nansicetur enim pretium nomenque poetæ" . . .
 Epistola ad Pisones, l. 299.
- Page 3. "To his beloved; the Author." The I. W. is not known.
- „ 4. "To his loving friend Robert Glouer." Cf. the close of the poem of "Mirrha." The allusion here as there is to Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*. Glouer is not known. See Introduction on this and preceding lines. l. 13, "*Satire*" = satyr. The little incident is celebrated by many of our early English Poets.
- „ 6, l. 5, "*This worke Detractions sting, doth disinherit*" = doth disinherit Detraction's sting? but a strange use, surely, of "disinherit"? Whence the construction seems to be — Detraction's sting (and that only) doth disinherit this work. Here "disinherit," though not properly applicable to sting, is applicable to Detraction, who has a sting; and so is intelligible.
- „ 6, l. 7, "*Lewes Machin*." At the close of "Mirrha" in the original edition are "certain Eclogs" by Machin — utter rubbish. The "Dumbe Knight: a pleasant Comedy, acted sundry times by the children of his Majesties Revels" (1608) bears the names of Gervase Markham and of Machin. It is beneath criticism.
- „ 7, l. 2, "*Though folly smile*," &c. This line (cf. l. 8 and their rhyme) lacks a syllable or one foot.
- „ 7, l. 11, "*iudicious*" = judicial?
- „ 8, l. 12, "*anademe*" = a garland or fillet, or a chaplet or crown of flowers.
- „ 8, l. 15, "*William Bagnall*" — unknown.
- „ 9, l. 5, "*Great*" = full or pregnant — "great" with child (metaphorically.)
- „ 9, l. 7, "*censurs*" = censers.
- „ 9, l. 8, "*Lenæus*" = Bacchus.
- „ 10, l. 5, "*preyes praid*" : the frequent contemporary play on "prey" and "pray."
- „ 10, l. 13, "*regardant*" = looking back.
- „ 11, ll. 3-7. See Introduction on these.

- Page 12, l. 2, "*Daphnes roote*" = laurel.
 „ 12, l. 3, "*Hermophrodite*." Cf. page 27, line 6.
 „ 12, l. 3, "*shewers*" = showers.
 „ 12, l. 6, "*Leucothoes*": misprinted "*Leueothoes*." So in Sandys' Ovid to the Queene :—
 " Myrrha who weepes for her offence
 Presents her teares ; her Frankinfence
 Leucothoë ; the Heliades
 Their Amber."
 „ 12, l. 9, "*Cicnus*" = Cygnus.
 „ 12, l. 14, "*answer him*," i.e. Orpheus.
 „ 13, l. 3, "*diamond circled*" : diamond was contemporaneously almost always tri-syllabic ; but "*circled*" as a tri-syllable is more rythmical.
 „ 13, l. 6. See Introduction on this.
 „ 14, l. 6, "*traded*" = freighted with fine phrases and the like.
 „ 14, l. 7, "*bred*" = breed.
 „ 15, catchword "*Giue*." *Sic*, though it should be "*Nor*." It comes in on next page.
 „ 16, l. 9, "*resing'd*" = resign'd.
 „ 18, l. 2, "*I*" = ay.
 „ 18, l. 9, "*teeming*" = pregnant.
 „ 19, l. 1, "*Virgin beware that fire*" = that that — a common idiom of the period, but strangely misused by Barksted.
 „ 22, l. 1, "*Blacke as my inck*." Cf. opening, l. 2.
 „ 22, l. 3, "*Trace*" = Thrace — birth-place of Orpheus.
 „ 22, l. 7, "*more fit*" = "[are] more fit."
 „ 23, l. 5, "*yet that*" = "that yet."
 „ 24, l. 5, "*spwright*" = liveliness.
 „ 24, ll. 11-12, i.e. the gallery running or leading toward.
 „ 24, l. 14, "*Arm'd but the face*" = all but the face — a not uncommon use of "*but*."
 „ 24, l. 16, "*I*" = aye.
 „ 25, l. 1, "*quoth she*" : not a misprint for "*he*," as Mirrha speaks as for her father through his "*dumbe picture*." See p. 24, ll. 13-14.
 „ 26, l. 2, "*Tables*" = the French *tableau*? qu. — the pictures inserted in books, as photographs are in albums to-day?
 „ 26, l. 5, "*dumb'd*" = in a continued state of dumbness.
 „ 26, l. 14, "*thy shap*" i.e. [If] thy shap, &c.
 „ 27, l. 8, "*farre*" = fair : "*then to deny*" = than that he would be able to deny her suit as he had done that of Salmacis.
 „ 27, l. 15, "*staue*" : misprint for "*haue*" : inadvertently left : "*sometimes*" = sometime.
 „ 28, l. 8, "*thy chosen tree*" = her father?
 „ 28, l. 13, "*resoul'd*" = resolv'd.
 „ 28, l. 14, "*bleake azure*" = livid — quaint use.

- Page 29, l. 2, "*seifh*" = seizeth.
 „ 29, l. 3, "*straite*" = on the instant.
 „ 29, l. 4, "*by*" : error for to or for — caught from preceding line.
 „ 29, l. 7, "*stound*" = stun.
 „ 30, l. 2, "*kemb'd*" = combed.
 „ 30, l. 16, "*power*" *i.e.* [to] taste.
 „ 31, l. 12, "*being come unto retrain*" = unto the returning back, *i.e.* the life having returned, then the nurse, &c.
 „ 32, l. 11, "*disperse*" = sprinkle.
 „ 32, l. 12, "*Phaitons*" = Phæton's.
 „ 34, l. 1, "*orped*" = bold (*audax*.)
 „ 35, l. 1, "*Perfey's*" = Perseus.
 „ 35, l. 15, "*toombe*" = the blackened wick covering up the weak flame.
 „ 36, l. 1, "*amated*" = deadened, stupefied.
 „ 37, l. 6, "*vertues*" = vertue's.
 „ 37, l. 8, "*much abus'd-mother did importune*" = act cruelly or out of season to Mirrha's much-abused mother.
 „ 37, l. 12, "*vnfolde*" = [doth] vnfolde.
 „ 37, l. 14, "*dill*" = hedge-parsley.
 „ 37, l. 15, "*nor may they husbands see*" = nor may [they] see their husbands.
 „ 38, l. 2, "*Cyniras*" = Cinyras. See page 40, line 16.
 „ 38, l. 4, "*assaide*" = proved.
 „ 38, l. 5, "*repaide*" : misprint for "repaire" certainly.
 „ 38, l. 8, "*to*" : probably "of", or it may be "one", meaning have gone through the ceremony of professed and sworn brotherhood.
 „ 39, l. 13, "*vnlithe*" = not pliant or supple.
 „ 40, l. 7, "*spake*" : error for "spake".
 „ 41, l. 15, "*Turkas*" = Turk?
 „ 42, l. 1, "*knees*" : misprint for "knee" : cf. l. 3.
 „ 42, l. 8, "*Treasur's*" : not apostrophe but = treasures, *i.e.* "e" elided.
 „ 44, l. 2, "*Cynix*" : Cynir I suppose, *i.e.* Cinyras, as before.
 „ 44, l. 7, "*tous'd*" = pulled about, distressed.
 „ 44, l. 14, "*presumes*" : used licentiously for take or place before.
 „ 44, l. 16, "*here*" = hear.
 „ 45, l. 7, "*skinke*" = draw or pour out liquor.
 „ 46, l. 4, "*though*" : certainly "though[t]".
 „ 46, l. 12, "*vades*" = fades away, vanishes.
 „ 46, l. 15, "*be falne*" = befallen.
 „ 47, l. 15, "*fires*" = fire's, or fire is.
 „ 49, l. 4, "*l'auide*" = to avoid.
 „ 49, l. 10, "*presage*" — curiously used.
 „ 49, l. 11, "*Hiadres*" = Dryades — can hardly have been Hamadryades.
 „ 51, l. 4, "*all our naked*" : query, "us naked"? or = our nakedness, and did over-view?
 „ 51, l. 12, "*vertick*" = vertical : "*wood*" : certain misprint for "wand".
 „ 51, l. 14, "*crannie*". See page 61, line 5; "*out of hand*" = at once.

- Page 51, l. 16, "*dyan*" = Diana.
 „ 53, l. 2, "*that*" : supply ["rew"].
 „ 53, l. 6, "*downe him*" : read "[on] him".
 „ 53, l. 9, "*feede*" = fed met. gr.
 „ 54, l. 6, "*iudgements*" = judgement's.
 „ 54, l. 8, "*fight*" = sigh'd.
 „ 54, ll. 11-12. The construction intended is — For when we cease to be [young] the crimes are rife or become rife which youth committed.
 „ 55, l. 4, "*make*" : certainly "made".
 „ 55, l. 16, "*Ile charge thy father of a heauenly name*" = I'll charge thy fathership on a deity.
 „ 56, ll. 1-2. The construction is — should bring to light some Prodegie.
 „ 56, l. 12, "*annoided*" : qu. — annoièd ?
 „ 56, l. 14, "*vnfelht thronges*" = throngs divested of flesh.
 „ 58, l. 6, "*her armes*," &c. = deem to be boughs and you will not be deceived in your judgement.
 „ 58, l. 16, "*resemble Mirrha's haire*", i.e. as the transformation of her hair.
 „ 59, l. 1, "*congeald*" : did not "congeal" into, as would seem by line 1, but turned into (line 5) — this verb ruling from line 2 inclusive : hence ; not, after "congeald."
 „ 59, l. 2, "*blew-riç'd*" = blue ridged.
 „ 59, l. 3, "*bolssome*" = blossome.
 „ 59, l. 8, "*relent*" = dissolve. See Introduction on this word.
 „ 59, l. 11, "*course*" = corse.
 „ 59, l. 14, "*densiue*" = thickened.
 „ 61, l. 5, "*craynes*." See p. 51, l. 14. To "crane" generally means to lean or stretch greatly over ; but in Prompt. Parv. it is given as *rima*, and also in form *crany*. Here doubtless = crannies or rifts.
 „ 62, l. 14, "*lim'd*" = limn'd.
 „ 63, l. 6, "*Captiues*" : pronounce "captiues."
 „ 63, l. 12, "*his game*" : should be "hir," i.e. her = that game doth bow to her (on account of her oft-seen beauty) and will not, &c. Hence delete (.) after bow.
 „ 64, l. 5, "*fet*" = fet, fetch.
 „ 65, l. 5, "*Shakepeare*." See Introduction.

II. HIREN OR THE FAIRE GREEKE.

Title-page. See Introduction on the story of Hiren.

Verse-dedication. "*Henry Earle of Oxenford*," i.e., Oxford. See Introduction.

„ 1. 3, "*gracefully onely to you*" = in grace alone to you.

„ 1. 4, "*which*." The syntax throughout is loose and incorrect.

„ 1. 7, "*Kings lowing hand*." The old classical story of the king who gratefully drank from the hollowed palm of a peasant, who gave up a hard-got draught of water to his sovereign.

Stanza 1, l. 1, "*Of Amuraths*," &c. See Introduction.

„ 2, l. 3, "*hanfell*" = earnest.

„ 2, l. 4, "*fayes*" = essays or assays.

„ 2, l. 6, "*that*," i.e., that battle.

„ 3, l. 3, "*veirdge*" = verge.

„ 4, l. 5, "*states*." By "states" he may mean (as it often means) the rulers, and by "principal" the senators and nobles. Or he may mean that Rome should (be) "principal." Cf. "be" of previous line. Probably the latter is what the Author intended, though it renders the construction (characteristically) confused.

„ 4, l. 7, "*Sophy*" = Sophi, a title of the Shah of Persia.

„ 5, l. 8, "*feard*" = caused their lust to fear—made afraid their lust.

„ 6, l. 6, "*bewifh*" = wish and re-wish, or strongly wish.

„ 7, l. 7, "*agnif'd*" = acknowledged.

„ 7, l. 8, "*our*" may be justified, but it is more probably a misprint for "one."

„ 8, l. 2, "*dole*" = distribution of death, &c., by every soldier's hand.

„ 8, l. 3, "*dul'd*" = dull'd.

„ 8, l. 6, "*fin amiffe*," i.e., to be a Christian and not a Mahomedan.

„ 8, l. 8, "*bale*" = woe.

„ 9, l. 2, "*morrow maffe*" = morning mass.

„ 9, l. 7, "*retort*" = throw back or turn back.

„ 10, l. 1, "*filly*" = helpless, innocent.

„ 10, l. 3, "*child-cold dew*." Qy. early morning dew?

„ 10, l. 5, "*But teares too late*," &c. See Introduction on this.

„ 11, l. 1, "*watchet*" = blue.

„ 12, l. 2, "*point at*." One might query "out"?

„ 12, l. 8, "*vale amiffe*" = drop or lower themselves.

„ 13, l. 6, "*admire*" = admiration? But see Introduction on this.

„ 15, l. 7, "*Mahounds*" = Mahomet. In Scotland one of the names of the devil.

- Stanza 17, l. 7, "*divine*" = as "thou divine."
 „ 18, l. 4, "*misfrayes*." See Introduction on this.
 „ 18, l. 8, "*But*," &c. = "But doth allow only to gratify honour and thy beauties."
 „ 20, l. 3, "*fet*" = fetched.
 „ 23, l. 4, "*heate*" = heated.
 „ 23, l. 8, see Introduction on this.
 „ 25, l. 3, "*chid*" = he "chid" on account of their startling Cupid.
 „ 25, l. 5, "*lodg'd*" = lodged.
 „ 27, l. 7, "*made there*" = wanted ?
 „ 28, l. 2, "*liuer-vaine*." The liver was anciently deemed the seat of fleshly love (or lust).
 „ 28, l. 5, "*faïres*" = beauties.
 „ 29, l. 6, "*Catholicke*." Here and elsewhere Barksted confuses the practises of Eastern with the Roman Catholic church.
 „ 30, l. 5, "*Amurath*." An author's slip for Mahomet ?
 „ 32, l. 8, "*intendments*" = intentions.
 „ 35, l. 5, "*tire*" = hawking term ; drag and tear me as eagles do their prey.
 „ 36, l. 8, = "Yet wouldst not thou then pity me."
 „ 39, l. 5, "*Kefrels*" = basest kind of hawk.
 „ 40, l. 3, "*ioy*" = enjoy.
 „ 40, l. 8, "*He ne're tooke thought*." See Introduction on the excellent example of a former meaning, as in our English Bible.
 „ 41, l. 3, "*faunes*" = obsequious followers ; used also for parasites in Court.
 „ 41, l. 4, "*harmonies*." Qy. harmonious ?
 „ 41, l. 7, "*sent*" = scent.
 „ 42, l. 1, "*night disports*." As elsewhere I have supplied the hyphen.
 „ 43, l. 8, "*recure*" = cure, cure them—meaning to attend on or take care of.
 „ 44, l. 7, "*ren*" = run (an old form).
 „ 46, l. 4, "*but what*," &c., = "but why speak truth when," &c.
 „ 51, l. 2, "*Liegers*" = ambassadors that remain at the Court to which they are sent.
 „ 51, l. 5, "*Mel-dew*" = honey-dew ? or, qy., = mildew ?
 „ 53, l. 2, "*firy brand*," i.e., Paris, his mother having dreamt that she brought forth a fire-brand.
 „ 53, l. 3, "*For whom*," &c. The construction is, "For to succour whom," &c.
 „ 54, l. 7, "*Curral beneath the waues*." The red is more brilliant under the water.
 „ 55, l. 1, "*tyres*." See Stanza 35, l. 5.
 „ 57, l. 7, "*beforme*" = before.
 „ 59, l. 8, "*Kickshawes*." From French *Quelques choses*—applied in cookery to dainty but trifling dishes.

- Stanza 60, l. 4, "*But when*," &c., = "But (then prove friends) when," &c.
 „ 62, l. 6, "*as nature*," &c. = "as though nature had agreed."
 „ 63, l. 3, "*Eben*" = ebony?
 Page 93, "*Elizabeth, Countesse of Darby*," the patron-friend of Spenser earlier and of Milton later.
 „ l. 6, "*Nor time*," &c., *i.e.*, "Time that deads Nature in order to live himself alone."
 „ l. 11, "*select*" = selected.
 Stanza 67, l. 7, "*ferour*" (*sic*) = feruor, *i.e.*, fervour.
 „ 67, l. 8, "*coming*." See Introduction on this.
 „ 68, l. 6, "*Wiuing*" = waiving?
 „ 69, l. 1, "*woes*" = woos : "*misfers god*" = gold.
 „ 70, l. 4, "*for*" = against.
 „ 72, l. 5, "*bereau'd*" (*sic*), error for "*bereauen*," as by rhyme.
 „ 77, ll. 5-8, reminiscences of Inigo Jones's Shows and Masques.
 „ 78, l. 5, "*nifes*." Qy., a transformation m. g. of "*nyes*," *i.e.*, denies?
 „ 81, l. 7, "*sounds*" = swoons : punctuate high [,] and blinde [,].
 „ 82, l. 8, "*hug'd*" = hugged.
 „ 83, l. 7, "*petulans*" = petulance? but obscure.
 „ 89, l. 2, "*extracted*" = Latinate, drawn out, or as we say long drawn.
 „ 89, l. 8, "*mis-confser*" = misconstrue.
 „ 92, l. 5, "*Sophy*," see Stanza 4, l. 7.
 „ 92, l. 7, "*cease*" = ceize, seize.
 „ 96, l. 8, "*Each night she giues me a new maiden-head*." Similarly later (1646) James Shirley:—
 "To the Honourable Lady D. C.
 For him to whom your heart is tied
 Keep it still virgin, and bride,
 That often as you go to bed
 You give and take a maidenhead" (p. 434).
 and in Rawlinson *MS.*:—
 "May your husbands' love renew
 Euery day their marriage vow,
 And yourselves as newly wed
 Give each night a maidenhead."
 So too Herrick frequently in his *Epithalamiums*.
 „ 99, l. 4, "*her's*" = here's.
 „ 108, l. 7. See Introduction on this.

A. B. G.

III. WILLIAM BARKSTED.

In my 'Postscript' to the Introduction (pp. xxiii.-iv) I somewhat hesitatingly identified Barksted as intended in one of the (not very creditable) anecdotes in *Merrie Conceited Fests*. I am glad to be able to withdraw the identification, on these grounds. First of all, there must have been "a Play" called "Mahomet" acted in 1594 (Henslowe's Diary, p. 39); and among the German plays of Jacob Ayler, of Nuremberg, who was a follower of the English in domestic matters, there is one on this story, which according to English precedent is presented by Cardinal Isidore (as to whom see Gibbon, *s.n.*) as Pericles by Gower. In the second place, it is (perhaps) certain or at least probable, that the phrase "Have we not Hiren here"? comes from the (lost) Play. See the passage from the "Old Law" quoted by Shakespeare commentators. These words do not occur in Barksted's poem, but their situation is indicated (st. 70-72). The messengers of disaster coming thick on one another's heels, as in Ford's "Broken Heart," are each received with words, the spirit of which is no doubt faithfully given by Ancient Pistol—"Die men like dogs, give crowns like pins. Have we not Hiren here?"

As to the authorship of the (lost) Play, Barksted's age does not appear; but if he was still young enough in 1606 to play in *Epicene* with the *Children* of the Revels, he can hardly have been old enough to be an author in 1598 (which is the latest date that can be given either to Henry IV., Part 2, or to the death of George Peele). One further asks, if it was likely that "a gentleman whom God had indued with good living to maintain his small wit" would become an actor?

It is no doubt grammatically possible to read the sentence as to "The Turkish Mahomet," so as to make the

anonymous gentleman the author of the play. But it is not *necessary*; and as it is clear that Peele invited him to hear a *play* by *himself* (Peele) read, it seems more likely that the Play named was the play which is the subject of the story; otherwise we have first the name of a Play given *apropos* of nothing, and then an anecdote about another Play, the name of which is not given. From all which, on re-consideration, my conclusion is that there was a Play on the same subject as Barksted's poem, written and acted before 1598, and traditionally ascribed to Peele. Whether Barksted's poem was founded on the Play, or on the Novel in the "Palace of Pleasure," or on Bandello, I am not prepared to decide. There are *dramatic* situations in the poem; but then it was written by an Actor. I add here these Notes and Illustrations:—

- Page 13, l. 7, '*Spiches*'—a curious blunder for '*Psiche*,' *i.e.*, *Psyche*.
 „ 31, l. 3—something wanted at end of the line as the non-rhyme shows. Spenser affords many examples of such neglects.
 „ 32, l. 9, '*The foure and twentie windes*.' Where does this number come from?
 „ 41, l. 15 and note—Read=turquoise—spelt *turches* by Chester and *turkoise* by Ben Jonson. See Nares, *s.v.*, Turquoise.
 „ 57, l. 1, '*Danans*,' read '*Danaus*.'
 „ 78, st. 22, l. 4—perhaps better to scan 'every' as a trisyllable, and read '*markes*' for '*makes*.'
 „ 81, st. 31, l. 6. This use of '*sympathis'd*' marks a reminiscence of Shakespeare's *Lucrece*—
 "True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd,
 When with like semblance it is *sympathis'd*."
 „ 83, st. 37, l. 1, for '*confirm*,' sense and play on words suggest to read '*conform*.'
 „ 87, st. 51, l. 5. '*Mel-dew*.' The following from Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary*—a great gift—p. 367, *s.v.* Mildew explains this spelling. He cites this spelling from Wyclif, *Genesis*, xli. 6, and goes on—"The sense as probably 'honey-dew,' from the sticky, honey-like appearance of some kinds of blight, as *e.g.* on lime trees.
 „ 88, st. 52, l. 5 (and note in Introduction, p. xiii.) After all the original reading may be accepted. I find it was not thought incongruous to use even so singular a metaphor of her 'waist' as "Cupid's conjuring wand"=its straightness and slinness,

In England's Parnassus we have these :—

1. "Her long rounde necke was Cupid's quiver called."

Chapman.

- 2 "About thy waist Jove's messenger doth dwell,
Inchanting me, as I the rest admire."

Constable's Diana, vi. 4.

—the latter passage, by implication, calls the 'waist' Mercury's "conjuring wand," which is either as bad or good as Barksted.

Page 91, st. 61, l. 2. '*Con'vertite*—note accent on first syllable, as always.

„ 98, st. 78, l. 5 (and note) read, '*nises*'=makes nice, coyly hesitates.

„ 99, st. 81, l. 5, '*done*,' read '*doue*.'

„ 103, st. 93, l. 2 (and note in Introduction, p. xiv.) As 'Effecting' means 'carrying into effect,' actualizing in modern phrase, perhaps it had better have been left. Possibly 'really' may mean 'regally,' as in Ben Jonson, &c.



